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JENNIFER CROSS

Ghost Town Vigilantes
THE RACIAL PALLOR OF CAIRO

G. LOUIS HEATH

The Holidays: Part Two

J. Bronowski *on* William Blake

ART BOOKS—FILM BOOKS

BOOKS BY *NATION* CONTRIBUTORS

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LETTERS

objectivity

Kansas City, Mo.

DEAR SIRS: Regarding David Deitch's article promoting "advocacy journalism" ["Change or Stagnation: Case for Advocacy Journalism," *The Nation*, Nov. 17], I would like to make a few observations.

The daily press is no place for bias and opinionated personal views, unless they are labeled as such. The polemical journals such as *The Nation* and others are designed to fill that need. Of course, absolute objectivity is difficult, if not impossible, to attain. However, fairness to a high degree is not impossible. As I read news accounts of various controversial issues, I see little fairness. Recently, the major daily in Detroit scuttled its "Crime in the Streets" column because it reflected poorly upon that city's Negroes. A nice gesture, perhaps, but what happened to truth and the people's right to know?

Laird M. Wilcox

It was precisely Mr. Deitch's point that objectivity is impossible to attain and that advocacy is therefore both more honest and more informative. And what sort of "fairness" is served by instituting a "Crime in the Streets" column, which implies that it has become a normal aspect of community life—like the weather, fashions and the movies? *Editors*

down from the moon

Austin, Tex.

DEAR SIRS: President Nixon's ill-advised attempts to tie the space program to the war in Vietnam are likely to be as successful as tying a kite to a sinking battleship.

Astronaut Collins has been hired to propagandize for Richard Nixon, but he can only serve to discredit the space program. Emerging from the insulated, hothouse environment necessitated by the Apollo program, Collins has been persuaded by Nixon to accept the preposterous conclusion that he is just the man to set the war critics right. His first encounter with the articulate critics who have studied the disastrous war for years should give him a rather different perspective. How long after that that he allows Nixon to misuse him will depend primarily on how deep he wants to sink the space program. *Don W. Allford*

heard and overheard

Santa Barbara, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: A tourist who has been a bit bewildered by the Nixon-Agnew line on Vietnam tells of a funny parallel which he found to it on a road in Ireland's midlands. He had struck up acquaintance there with a farmer who was taking a pig to market, and asked him where he was going.

"To Cork sure," replied the farmer.

"But you are headed for Belfast," remarked the surprised tourist.

"Whist, he'll hear ye," whispered the farmer as he hurriedly escalated north with his unsuspecting treasure.

Don Molony

limit on technique

Bath, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: In a recent speech, Vice Admiral Rickover reminded us that there is an important difference between pure science "which is pure thought and can hurt nobody," and technology which is "action" based upon applied science with an enormous potential for injury to man and his en-

(Continued on page 699)

EDITORIALS

Indians and Others

It is axiomatic that war brutalizes the most ordinary and normal man. It is also clear that the nature of the fighting in Vietnam—with no defined battle lines—contributes to the brutalization process. The very nature of the fighting endangers civilians. The concept of "free fire zones" is false, for the zones are seldom if ever really cleared of civilians. Even so, there is an aspect of the Pinkville and similar situations which cannot be fully accounted for by the "war breeds brutalization" thesis.

Raymond R. Coffey, who covered the war in Vietnam for two and a half years, regularly for the Chicago *Daily News* and occasionally for *The Nation*, points out that, with exceptions of course, "the most evident and most profound feeling toward the Vietnamese among American GIs is contempt." The South Vietnamese on "our side" are included. "There ain't no gooks on my side" is the way one Marine expressed his feelings to Coffey. Friendly or unfriendly, North or South, the Vietnamese are commonly referred to by such terms of contempt as "gooks," "dinks," "slopes" and similar expressions. Dr. Morton H. Fried, professor of anthropology at Columbia University (also a *Nation* contributor), reports in a letter to *The New York Times* that in the course of two or three trips a year to East Asia, he has often heard Americans, both officers and nonofficers, express "the most horrifying opinions of the Asians among whom they were serving. To put it mildly, they did not regard Asians, whether friend or foe, as quite human." In a recent interview with GIs at a veterans' hospital, a reporter for the *New York Post* collected such statements as this: "One million of them ain't worth one of us." The saddest aspect of these interviews was that some of the veterans quoted were black or Puerto Rican.

How account for this prevalent feeling? It may relate far back to our brutalizing experience with Indians as "the course of empire" moved westward. Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, who was not a particularly bloodthirsty general as generals go, said at Fort Cobb in 1869: "The only good Indian is a dead Indian." On another occasion, when asked if his soldiers had killed Indian women and children, he is said to have replied: "Nits make lice." Over a period of many years, the attitude reflected in such statements became "structured," so to speak, as part of the folklore if not the psyche of many Americans. In how many penny dreadfuls, bad movies, plays and tales of one kind or another has the killing of Indians been equated with the killing of coyotes? The massacre continues on TV, whites killing Indians, Indians killing whites, with the ratio about 10 to 1 in favor of the whites.

The notion that the Indian is not a human being, endlessly repeated, from one generation to the next, is easily transferred to Vietnamese and other Asians (read Mark Twain on the "Heathen in Outer Darkness," which dates from an earlier war in Asia), the counterparts of Indians to many Americans. How long it may take to exorcise this tragic blindness is suggested by the circumstance that Hollywood has only recently produced a film which pic-

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tures an Indian as a credible human being, *Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here*. It was written and directed by that fine talent, Abraham Polonsky, who was blacklisted out of the industry for some twenty years. The film comes at an opportune time; it just might help some Americans to understand how and why it is that they think of Vietnamese very much as General Sheridan thought of Indians.

The Larger Issues

The President has said of Song My that "what appears was certainly a massacre" and he added that "under no circumstances was it justified." So Mr. Nixon seems to have little doubt as to what happened. There never was much doubt, at least not after *Life* printed the color pictures which the professionally meticulous Army photographer had taken, after urging the firing squad to "Hold it!" while he focused on women and children about to be executed. It does not seem to have occurred to him to turn his camera on the firing squad. Such a picture would now be extremely useful.

The victims are dead, the perpetrators may or may not be punished, the most important consideration now is to ascertain the correlations of the massacre with American policy in Vietnam from the beginning. It is in the Army's interest to clear its name as far as possible by probing what happened and making a clean breast of its culpability, but that is not easily done. It may, in fact, be impossible. In his "Capitol Stuff" column for the New York *Daily News* (December 10) Ted Lewis discusses some of the difficulties. Lieut. Gen. William R. Peers has been assigned by the Army to find out why the massacre was not disclosed within a reasonable time after it occurred. But Peers at the time was acting commander of the I Field Force, to which the soldiers of Song My belonged. It appears that Maj. Gen. Samuel Koster was flying in a helicopter over the killing ground and Captain Medina says that Koster ordered him not to take his company back into "all that mess." But Koster was subordinate to Peers. There's a delicate situation: if there was a cover-up—and there is certainly *prima facie* evidence of one—could Koster and Peers have been unaware of it?

Moreover, the Peers panel was set up by Army Secretary Resor and Army Chief of Staff Westmoreland. Resor was President Johnson's Army Secretary at the time of the massacre, Westmoreland was U.S. commander in Vietnam. They, Secretary Laird and President Nixon knew about the massacre in August or September, but took no action to investigate the earlier whitewash until November 24, when the basic facts were known to every daily and weekly newspaper reader and every TV viewer.

So who shall investigate? The House Armed Services Committee is in the act, but its chairman, Rep. L. Mendel Rivers, was not convinced (as of December 10) that there had been a massacre. There were piles of dead civilians, sure enough, but: "We didn't see [pictures] of anybody shooting anybody." (Too bad about that Army photographer.) Mr. Rivers' undying love for the Army is one of Washington's most affecting romances.

Sen. John Stennis, chairman of the Senate Armed Serv-

IN THIS ISSUE

December 22, 1969

EDITORIALS

682

ARTICLES

687 Half a Loaf:
Washington Confronts the Hungry
Jennifer Cross

689 Franco's Last Deal
Loren Jenkins

692 Ghost Town Vigilantes:
The Racial Pallor of Cairo
G. Louis Heath

695 Legitimate Deductions?
Conscience and the Income Tax
Ralph S. Rice

697 Harry Golden

BOOKS & THE ARTS

700 Raine: Blake and Tradition — *J. Bronowski*
701 Bridges (poem) — *Karen Swenson*
702 Books on Film — *Robert Sklar*
703 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*
704 Art Books — *Lawrence Alloway*
707 Music — *David Hamilton*
708 Books by *Nation* Contributors
710 Films — *Robert Hatch*

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ices Committee, must be taken more seriously. He has called for the creation of a Presidential commission, "outside the government and outside the military." President Nixon has indicated that he would consider setting up such a body, but only if the military machinery already in motion should prove inadequate. More to the point is the proposal by a distinguished group of lawyers for an impartial tribunal of retired jurists and former military men "to investigate America's conduct of the Vietnamese War."

And not only that, we would add, but also the inception of the war. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee has once again pulled back from the brink in its proposed general investigation of American policy in Southeast Asia. The case for an impartial investigation does not rest solely on the conduct of the war, nor on the Song My we know about and other Song Mys which may emerge. The whole record is studded with ambiguities, contradictions and suspicious circumstances that cry out for clarification. It is on this whole context that the investigation should center, with Song My as the springboard.

'Marked for Extinction'

Those who surmised—or hoped—that the article by L. F. Palmer, Jr., in the July 28 *Nation*, "Out To Get The Panthers," was an exaggeration may now reconsider their position. It is becoming increasingly apparent that a campaign of repression and assassination is being carried out against the Black Panthers, and that a continuance of this course will see the entire leadership behind bars, or dead. Charles Garry, the white San Francisco lawyer who represents the Panthers, says that so far twenty-eight Panther leaders have been assassinated. Since killings, whether legal or illegal, are usually carried out in what military men call the "fog of battle," one might apply a 50 per cent correction to Garry's claim. But that would still leave fourteen murders, and one would be too many.

The recent affray in Chicago seems conclusive evidence of a police tendency to treat the Panthers as outlaws on whom there is an open season for slaughter. Just before dawn a fourteen-man police detail, armed with side arms, shotguns and at least one submachine gun, knocked on the door of the apartment of Fred Hampton, the Black Panther chief in Illinois. A few minutes later Hampton and Mark Clark, another Panther, were dead, four more Panthers were taken to the hospital with multiple gunshot wounds, and three others were put under arrest. Two policemen were hurt, neither of them seriously.

The military analogy is appropriate. The police had a search warrant, but was it imperative that the search should proceed at the cost of human life? The police claim is that they were fired on when they entered. In military ground operations, when a platoon receives fire the men take cover and the platoon leader and his sergeant decide what to do next. They don't stand up and fight it out in Wild West fashion. If the police were indeed fired on first, they should have withdrawn, tried to get at the occupants of the apartment with tear gas, and used other measures to avoid unnecessary loss of life. Even if this gave the Panthers a chance to get rid of the weapons the police were seeking, it would have been preferable from any humane standpoint, even from the standpoint of law and order, to the slaughter which took place.

That it was slaughter is indicated by the fact that more than thirty-six bullet holes were found in the walls near where the slain men lay, and none adjacent to the police positions. The surviving Panthers are conducting tours of the premises, with particular emphasis on the signs of battle, for crowds of Negroes, and some whites. Edward V. Hanrahan, the State's attorney who organized the operation, brushes off the ballistic evidence. He defends this and other raids "because of the viciousness of the Black Panther Party." Jay Miller, head of the American Civil Liberties Union in Chicago, has said on C.B.S. television that he believes "the Panther leadership is marked for extinction."

Renault Robinson, president of the Afro-American Patrolmen's League, looked over the scene with other black officers and said he did not believe the official police version of the incident. The door was not broken down, so somebody let the police in. If there had been a gun battle, as the police assert, the police would have suffered casualties in such close quarters.

The Black Panthers' rhetoric has been provocative and their displays of firearms foolhardy, but if these assaults continue there will be more trouble, not less. What is needed is a thorough, nationwide investigation, taking in the lawlessness of the authorities as well as any offenses of which the Panthers have been guilty. But most potential investigating agencies are either biased or impotent. The National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence, which has a better record than most such bodies, should not be allowed to shut up shop without probing these escalating acts of violence.

Gas Scare

Hermiston, Ore., a quiet farming town of some 5,000 people, lies 7 miles below McNary Dam, on the Columbia River, and about 40 miles south of the giant atomic plant at Richland, Wash. On December 2, the Army announced that all poisonous gases would be removed from Okinawa and stored at the Umatilla Depot, near Hermiston. The announcement added that five shipments from Okinawa would be required to handle the many tons involved, and that the chemical munitions would include lethal GB and VX nerve gases as well as mustard gas of World War I vintage. The decision to bring the gas home from Okinawa was made last summer, after word leaked out that twenty-four Americans had received medical treatment when a container of nerve gas broke open at the U.S. base.

Oregon's first reaction was one of shock. Scarcely anyone in the state had known that the Umatilla facility was a chemical depot. Then people started saying, "But President Nixon said he had ordered the destruction of gases which killed or incapacitated." He had said nothing of the sort but the way he phrased what he did say gave a lot of people the wrong impression.

Shock quickly turned to apprehension. Stockmen around

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Hermiston, remembering what had happened in Utah, voiced concern. So did wheat farmers in the area. Conservationists worried about what an accident might do to the Columbia River. Among the concerned Oregonians was Gov. Tom McCall, who said from Washington, D.C., where he was visiting, that he would try to identify the nature of the chemicals and Army plans regarding their disposition in Oregon. "If these findings disclose that the chemicals would be a hazard," he declared, "I will bend every effort to stop the proposed Army action. If unsuccessful, I will utilize every capability I have as chief executive of the state of Oregon to insure our citizens' safety through whatever use of state manpower and equipment may be necessary."

These were strong words for the Governor, who usually lines up firmly behind the Nixon Administration, but they are mild reflections of the anxiety and anger many Oregonians already feel.

Pentagon Hucksterism

There is little new about the outrageous activities by which the armed services try to manipulate public opinion through elaborate and skillfully planned public relations programs. Fred Cook dealt with the subject in "Juggernaut: The Warfare State," a *Nation* special issue of some years back. But now Senator Fulbright has explored this massive PR effort quantitatively, and his findings fill more than 12 pages (some 24,000 words) of the *Congressional Record* for December 1. American corporations have never been backward in proclaiming their virtues and trying to make friends and influence people on a mass scale, but surely none is more active in this sphere than the armed services.

Senator Fulbright suggests to Vice President Agnew that here is a fertile field for his crusade against journalists who may seek to analyze and evaluate the pronouncements of government officials. In this case, however, there is no danger that anything adverse to the Nixon Administration will come to light. The group which is seeking to manipulate public opinion consists of some 2,800 publicists, a regiment made up of government employees and military men on active duty, all using government facilities and all financed with taxpayers' money. Last year the Defense Department's PR funds amounted to a trifle under $28 million, representing a tenfold increase over ten years. But since this figure leaves out the cost of using military aircraft, aircraft carriers and other costly equipment, the total cost is certainly much larger.

The Air Force "information objectives," according to Mr. Fulbright, emphasize the need for "unmistakable strategic superiority" and "clearly superior U.S. aerospace forces." With appropriate substitutions, this is also the policy of the other services. In this aspect the services' PR programs aim to reach the public with the military's insatiable appetite for more materiel, and to show that unless they get all they ask for the national security will be imperiled. The arms suppliers, and the quasi-civilian associations that promote the interests of each of the services gladly support these efforts.

The Navy disburses about $10 million a year for PR propaganda. It has produced some 850 films for public use, including one titled *Why Vietnam?* It seeks to gain the "understanding and support" of the public for the goals of "modern ships, aircraft and equipment throughout the Navy," and points to growing Soviet naval strength, which reaches especially threatening proportions whenever budget time rolls around. Support is also recruited with cruises, including twice-a-year junkets to Hawaii for "top media executives."

An important aspect of Pentagon PR activity is speechmaking by general officers. Gen. Lewis Walt, assistant commandant of the Marine Corps, is said to recite the same basic speech twice or more a week before Rotary Clubs and other gatherings. In October he told the state convention of the Florida Red Cross that those who oppose the Vietnamese War must bear a part of the responsibility for the deaths of 10,000 American soldiers in the past year.

Army Chief of Staff William C. Westmoreland may not have been very successful while he was in command in Vietnam, but as a speechmaker he has no peer in the services. Between August 7, 1968, and the end of May 1969, he totaled fifty-nine separate engagements. Handsome and self-assured, his accomplishments in a PR capacity may well outweigh whatever he contributes as Chief of Staff.

The GIs who are trying to propagandize against the war by issuing newsletters and operating coffeehouses may well envy the brass, spending millions and lending the prestige of their insignia and medals to the continuance of the war. And, of course, a distinction must be made between GIs, most of whom were drafted into the service or who volunteered to avoid conscription, and career officers, most of whom serve of their own volition. Career officers are not "muzzled," as General Walker contended. Many of them, like Major Rowe (see "The New Politicians," editorial, *The Nation* December 15), speak with the evident approval and authority of the Pentagon. They have established channels through which to communicate their views; they testify before Congressional committees and regularly brief the Secretary of Defense and the President. Retired officers opposed to the war, such as General Shoup and Admiral True, speak now essentially as private citizens. What the officers on active duty are doing in this gigantic boondoggle is something quite different—and ominous. They are gradually breaking down the American tradition that the military should have no role in politics.

Cutting Back on Health

Every businessman understands that research is vital to industrial progress and future corporate profits. Research is at least equally essential to biomedical progress. The bulk of health research money comes from the government. At its peak, health research never exceeded 0.3 per cent of gross national product. GNP has averaged $880 billion over the past eighteen months, producing the figure of $2.64 billion annually for health,

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The Nation customarily publishes 48 issues a year, in past years skipping four weeks in July and August. This year, however, only three of the summer issues were dropped, so that the fourth might be omitted during the Christmas-New Year period. Accordingly, the issue which would normally be distributed in the last week of 1969, and dated January 5, 1970, will not appear.

or roughly half of what has been spent for the "conquest" of space.

Or compare the health budget with the military budget, which is declining from $80 billion in 1969 to a projected annual rate of about $77 billion in the spring of 1970. Health research would run at about 3 per cent of "defense," which has led us into such insane ventures as the despoliation of Vietnam.

That is bad enough, but on the plea of curbing inflation, the health section of the Health, Education and Welfare budget has been cut by an as yet undetermined percentage that may be as high as 20 per cent. (See editorial, "The Wrong Place To Cut" *The Nation,* October 13.) Nineteen organizations, including the American Medical Association, the American Heart Association and the American Cancer Society, have formed an Ad Hoc Committee on the Nation's Health Crisis for the purpose of adding $640 million to the present House appropriation for the HEW budget for medical education, research and delivery of medical care.

On behalf of the committee, Dr. Sidney Farber, retiring president of the American Cancer Society, suggests that the effect of the projected cuts may be "catastrophic." Dr. Campbell Moses, medical director of the American Heart Association, says that controlling inflation by cutting health research is equivalent to "balancing the budget by sacrificing human lives." Dr. Michael E. DeBakey, the Houston heart surgeon, says that unless the cuts are restored we can expect "a paralysis of our health system, with fewer doctors . . . and with little new knowledge or progress in delivery of health services."

Burning for Freedom

It was logical that the Massachusetts Young Americans for Freedom should have chosen December 7 for a pro-Vietnamese War rally: What could be more fitting, YAF tacticians reasoned, than an appeal to "Tell it to Hanoi" on the anniversary of Pearl Harbor? Also, they speculated, a rally on that date was certain to attract a number of American Legionnaires, VFW members and their families.

Only 2,500 turned out to march to Boston Common, where, six weeks before, 100,000 had urged, "Give peace a chance." The numbers game may be misleading, however. If anything the paucity of the crowd affirms rather than disputes Administration contentions that the majority *is* silent. If Boston is any gauge, Nixon's people do prefer to sit at home and wait breathlessly for a return to their brand of win-the-war normalcy, all the while viewing phenomena like last month's Washington demonstration as aberrations, the games of freaks.

With 15,000 members, YAF is the largest national right-wing campus organization. In addition to loudly and frequently denouncing critics of the war, YAF grapples with a whole spectrum of touchy issues which are not, strictly speaking, war-related: "Issues Papers" distributed on Boston Common called Social Security "a fraud on the young," East-West trade "national suicide," and the minimum wage "a crime against the Negro."

The list of speakers at the rally gave some idea of the kind of support YAF depends upon to set the Republic right again: Nguyen Truong, third secretary of the Vietnamese delegation to Washington; a *Pueblo* veteran; the Massachusetts liquor licensing commissioner, Albert "Dapper" O'Neil. L. Mendel Rivers and Spiro Agnew had been invited too, but both sent regrets.

The apple-pie simplicity of the candlelight affair was shattered, though, when it came to wind things up. After a rendition of the *Star-Spangled Banner,* the M.C. announced the finale. A pair of burly Vietnam veterans strode to the platform and unfurled a Vietcong flag, which standard was roundly booed by the crowd. After a short speech, one of the veterans set the flag afire. It was a ritual sacrifice akin to those rites whereby primitive man seeks the favor of his gods, an eerie conclusion to an evening arranged by those neat, tough-minded, career-oriented Young Americans for Freedom.

Mitchell's 'Law and Order'

Lawyers working out of the Washington (D.C.) Research Project, a legal aid group, have filed suit against Attorney General John Mitchell on behalf of 150 black complainants in seven Southern states, alleging that he has acted unconstitutionally by failing to enforce the Supreme Court's desegregation ruling in *Alexander* v. *Holmes.* The *Holmes* ruling ordered an end to the "all deliberate speed" formula and required desegregation "at once"; the suit was filed because the Justice Department failed to take action in those cases in which it is the *sole* party to the case, and which the Court did not specifically mention in its order.

Generally, a specific Court order such as the one in *Holmes* is sufficient guidance for the government to take action in similarly situated cases. In instances where the United States is the sole representative of the plaintiff to a school case, its inaction blocks further relief for black school children and their parents and is a clear indication that, in the words of the lawyers, "there is no intention" on the part of the present Administration to enforce the law.

The suit promises evidence that staff-prepared papers for action in the government cases have been blocked by high Justice officials. It seeks a summary declaratory judgment that the Attorney General is acting unconstitutionally. The hope is that if such a judgment is issued, the government will be both legally and morally bound to enforce the law. At this point, that may be a forlorn hope.

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HALF A LOAF

Washington Confronts the Hungry

JENNIFER CROSS
Miss Cross has written a consumer book on the food industry, The Jolly Green Giant, *which will be published shortly by Indiana University Press. It developed from earlier articles published in* The Nation.

Washington

How much money and what kind of political power will it take to feed the hungry in America—to insure that the 25 million poorest citizens get sufficient food, and that everybody has an adequate diet? Few of the 3,500 delegates to the White House Conference on Food, Nutrition and Health, which met from December 2 to 5, had the slightest doubt that the job could be done properly only by a drastic reversal of the national priorities. Their list of key recommendations added up to a virtual blueprint for a social revolution to end poverty that would probably cost as much as we are now spending on defense.

The delegates asked the President to declare hunger a state of emergency, and to free sufficient funds to feed all needy people this winter. They asked for a guaranteed annual income of $5,500 per family of four; an expansion of the food stamp and commodity surplus program to all counties; free lunches and breakfasts for all children; and a transfer of all hunger and nutrition programs from the Department of Agriculture to Health, Education and Welfare. They also outlined a huge number of back-up programs (final drafts to be ready by December 25) to improve the food supply, to increase health care and surveillance, to provide nutrition education, to protect consumers, and to involve the public, particularly the poor, more actively in planning and executing such programs.

The astonishing thing about these suggestions is that they were made by a middle-class gathering, only slightly to the left of Center. They were a mixed bag of housewives, community organizers, nutrition specialists, teachers, students, toxicologists, food industry men and nuns. Many had arrived in a state of gloom generated by advance press comment implying that internal feuds at the White House and lack of Presidential commitment would turn the proceedings into a farce, and waste $400,000 of the taxpayers' money, not to mention a further $500,000 in foundation contributions that would have been better spent on food for the poor.

The conference had been set up on such short notice that few delegates had had time to read, let alone digest, all the advance reports of the twenty-six panels and eight voluntary task forces. Moreover, they were poorly briefed because of disagreements among the organizer, nutritionalist Dr. Jean Mayer, the White House conservatives, and some radical community groups on exactly why the conference had been called. No one was quite certain whether the group was supposed to advise President Nixon on how to spend the $1.3 billion in food-program money already appropriated, to plan the modest increase he might be expected to appropriate for fiscal 1971, or to say what, regardless of cost, the situation required.

After three days of high-pressure debate, delegates had been won over to the slogan "Bread now!" Their conversion was effected by the straggling efforts of a coalition of activists, all burning with moral commitment and impelled by a large professional stake in the hunger business: jobs, reputations, or an obligation not to return home to their supporters without a bird in the hand. These comprised the Community Action Task Force, representing more than seventy organizations, a small radical group including a pediatrician, a California rural legal assistance attorney and a Nader raider; and by the National Welfare Rights Organization, a caucus of minority groups representing blacks, Chicanos, Indians, Puerto Ricans and Appalachians. Aligned with this faction was John Kramer, hard-hitting executive director of the National Council on Hunger and Malnutrition; and two back-room politicians: William Smith, counsel to the Senate Select Committee on Hunger and Human Needs (the McGovern committee), and Robert Choate, assistant to Dr. Mayer and the Ralph Nader of the hunger movement.

One tactic used by the militants was to make the kindhearted and well-fed delegates feel very guilty to be talking about hunger while tucking away a $40-a-day expense account at the moderately opulent Sheraton Park Hotel. They were urged to fast, or to live on a welfare diet, give money, turn in their $18.30-a-day meal tickets; they were bombarded with photographs of starving children, and with such slogans as "the poor can't afford cottage cheese with ketchup." Underlying the emotional pitch lay a threat that the poor would go on causing trouble until something was done. Fanny Lou Hamer, an NAACP delegate, harangued a gathering of some 2,000 in her revival meeting style: "You are scared to death, white America, because you think we might do to you what you have been doing to us!"

While delegates had their heartstrings pulled, the hunger politicians were busy reminding each group that the main purpose of the conference ought to be a discussion of how to end poverty and hunger. Panels were urged to vote on the short list of priorities before getting down to their particular business and possibly losing their sense of direction. John Kramer and William Smith also briefed some 200 people, who then dutifully trooped up to Capitol Hill to lobby for or against some critical legislation. Primed with statistics they visited the House Agriculture Committee to plead for the Senate-passed McGovern-Javits food stamp reform bill (S.2547) and urged the Senate Agriculture Committee to support the Talmadge school lunch bill (S.2548), which could provide an extra $100 million in free or reduced price lunches. They also called on their Congressmen, asking them to kill the Green-Quie amendment to the 1969 Economic Opportunity Act, which even more than the Murphy amendment would effectively stifle the OEO by putting it under control of the states.

Thanks to all this activity, spokesmen dropping in from

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the Administration got a lukewarm reception. When President Nixon reiterated his intention to "put an end to hunger in America itself for all time," and then asked the conference to support his meager income maintenance and food stamp reform bills, many delegates felt their intelligence had been insulted. How, they wondered, had he the nerve to offer a guaranteed annual income of $1,600 for a family of four ($2,400 with stamps) when everyone present knew that $5,500 was the minimum? Or to suggest a food stamp reform that would provide less coverage than the McGovern-Javits bill ($610 million instead of $750 million)? How could he talk about "moral imperative" and the Administration's "responsibility" to end hunger, while behind the scenes he was using his influence to kill every one of the more liberal pieces of legislation the conference supported?

Few people present retained much hope that the Administration had substantial plans to meet this country's tremendous hunger. Even while the conference was in progress, Arthur F. Burns, counselor to President Nixon and chairman-designate of the Federal Reserve Board, said in New York that expensive government programs to solve social problems would risk economic disaster. Even the food stamp and school lunch bills favored by the conference are running into the usual roadblocks in the House and Senate Agricultural Committees, and stand a chance only if people exert a good deal more political pressure, or accept the traditional trade-off for continued farm subsidies.

Which tactical approach is likely to bring the better result—the direct confrontation which the radicals advocate, on the ground that hunger is the most pressing social and moral issue of our time; or polite but hard bargaining through usual political channels? The conference used both methods, though (despite a number of threatened crises) it ended with the politicians in control. Six sober citizens went to see the President with a shopping list of priorities for an immediate end to hunger. When he stalled, they did not press him very hard. "We had to counter the impression that all this conference was interested in was theatrics," explained Fr. Robert McEwen, S.J., chairman of the Consumer Task Force, to one of the angry and disappointed radicals. In short, the group was advised to cool it.

They did not, however, come away totally empty-handed. President Nixon promised during the conference to see to it that the food stamp program is installed in all 307 counties which continue to refuse it by June 1970. Also the maximum allowance will be increased from the present $65 to $100 a month to the limit of existing funds. He promised to investigate all that could legally be done to feed the hungry by Christmas—which could include release of surplus commodities, use of OEO emergency funds, or even the declaration of a state of emergency under the 1969 California Disaster Act (which despite its name could apply to the whole country). He also undertook to study the conference findings, to instruct the appropriate government departments to review them, and if necessary, to follow up with another meeting in one year's time.

A major complication is the negative atttitude shown by Daniel P. Moynihan, another counselor who had the President's ear throughout the whole conference planning period. He fought a running battle with Mayer to try to steer the proceedings away from the more urgent but politically embarrassing subject of existing hunger and malnutrition toward the calmer waters of a ten-year national nutrition policy which would not require immediate Presidential commitment. Moynihan was reportedly so angered by the failure of the conference to come to heel by putting their seal of approval on the Administration's plans (particularly on his own pet projects for income maintenance), or even to give the President a big hand, that he tried to delete the radical priorities list from the conference recommendation.

Action between now and Christmas will depend on the outcome of the Moynihan-Mayer struggle, with the possibility of intervention by a more sympathetic though uncommitted third party, John Erlichman, the President's assistant for domestic affairs. The easiest way for the Administration to fulfill its promises would be to use the California Disaster Act to release funds for the immediate issue of surplus commodities, a possibility which Erlichman is now investigating. This would also solve a problem for the Department of Agriculture which is committed to forcing food stamps into hold-out counties without having the legal power to do so unless a state of emergency is declared.

Louisville Courier-Journal

"Where? Here? Goodness Knows I Can't See It"

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Quite apart from emergency action on hunger, the conference may also prove a milestone in the intelligent discussion of some longer-term consumer affairs. As food company presidents, top scientists and housewives met, clashed and began to talk business, they developed fresh insights into one another's point of view. Substantial agreement was reached on some important measures to improve food safety. Among these are the need to control food additives by reviewing the FDA's GRAS list (chemicals generally recognized as safe, but which may never have been formally evaluated), and to amend the Delaney clause, which produced the recent ban on cyclamates. In the next few months there may be a move to change the law to allow the enrichment of staple foods, such as rice, flour and baked goods, which will primarily benefit the poor, but may also improve nutrition throughout the whole snack-loving, starch-eating nation. The present unsatisfactory labeling situation may be studied once again, either by the Food & Drug Administration on its own initiative, or under the terms of the Fair Packaging and Labeling Act. An attempt may be made to get more information on the labels, as by listing *all* ingredients and then the percentages in which they occur. There is also likely to be a more concerted push for unit pricing, but that depends somewhat on the experience in New York City, where it will be introduced in February.

The fight will be long and hard, probably as long as the five-year hassle over the Packaging and Labeling Act. But at least industry came away with a healthier respect for the political seriousness of the consumer movement, and with the chastening feeling that people are better informed and more suspicious than they had thought. For their part, the consumer delegates realized that some industry representatives were offering them a dangerous trade-off, pledging cooperation in the hunger fight, but asking in return for the relaxation of many marketing standards. They also realized that many of the reforms they pushed so airily would be extremely costly. There are signs on both sides that future bargaining may be more sophisticated.

FRANCO'S LAST DEAL

LOREN JENKINS
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Madrid

Almost from the inception of Franco's dictatorship over Spain in 1939, there has been no more fertile topic in Spanish conversation than speculation as to his successor. Talk of who, or more to the point, what, would follow the Caudillo has obsessed supporters and critics alike for more than thirty years. At the heart of the discussion, of course, has been the uncertainty in many quarters—including some close to Franco himself—about whether his peculiar personal brand of dictatorship could be institutionalized for posterity, or whether his departure from the Spanish political scene would again usher in a period of political instability. All the answers are not yet in, though the mystery of the immediate future has finally been unveiled. Despite the fact that the aging dictator rules on, the post-Franco period has already dawned.

The transition began last July when the Generalissimo finally ended the regime's longest guessing game by formally investing the bland, 31-year-old Prince Juan Carlos de Borbon y Borbon, grandson of Spain's discredited last king, as the legal heir to the chieftaincy of state and the future king of Spain when Franco either retires or dies. At the end of October, the transition was confirmed by the most sweeping cabinet shuffle in the history of Franco's reign. "The Caudillo is getting old," one official commented. "This is certainly the last cabinet he intends to name and it is his vision of the team he wants to rule on after the succession."

The government shake-up had been in the wind at least since 1966, when a carefully staged plebiscite gave the country a new constitution, or Organic Law of State, as it is officially called, which laid down the skeletal guidelines for the institutionalization of the regime. What caught almost all the cabinet ministers by surprise, however, was the cold-blooded thoroughness of the reshuffle. After three decades of keeping his mixed bag of heirs guessing as to who would inherit the property, Franco made his will public. The strategy of balancing all the elements of his support—the old guard militarists, the conservative Catholics, the neo-Fascist Falange and the technocrats of Opus Dei—in one vast coalition of the Right was scrapped. Instead, Franco entrusted the government to one group—the ambitious members and allies of Opus Dei, the powerful Catholic lay order whose faithful already play a dominant role in the Spanish economy.

Almost all the big names in the past government were unceremoniously dropped. Out went Fernando María Castiella, the nationalistic Foreign Minister who framed Spain's extortionary demands in exchange for accepting U.S. bases in Spain. Out went the mercurial Manuel Fraga Iribarne, the aggressive Minister of Information and Tourism who had relaxed press censorship and presided over Spain's exploding tourist boom. Out went Jose Solís Ruiz, who had run both the government-controlled unions and the National Movement, the Falange-dominated sole political party. The tough boss of the police, 80-year-old Interior Minister General Camilo Alonso Vega, was also dropped (because of age) as were all three of the cabinet's military ministers (army, air force and navy).

To replace these men and others, Franco chose a crop of younger, mostly post-Civil War professionals in their 40s and 50s, half of whom are either members of, or closely allied with, the Opus Dei. "This was an Opus Dei

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coup d'état, a palace revolution if you will," one well-known Spanish editor said. "The Opus members have been trying to seize control of the government for years. They have finally succeeded." While that is perhaps an overstatement, based on the antipathy for Opus Dei felt in many quarters of Spanish life, there is no doubt that the cabinet is tailored for the influential Minister of Economic Planning, Laureando López Rodó, 48, and the new Foreign Minister (and former Minister of Industry) Gregorio López Bravo, 45, both of whom are holdovers from the previous cabinet. López Rodó and López Bravo are avowed members of Opus Dei (as is a third member of the new government, Housing Minister Vicente Mortes Alfonso), while at least seven other ministers in the nineteen-member cabinet have links of one sort or another with the order. The strong man in the cabinet remains the enigmatic Vice President, Admiral Luis Carrero Blanco, López Rodó's patron and an old-time crony of Franco, who is expected to be named Premier when the Caudillo finally decides to disengage.

Chief among the dispossessed is the old Falange, which has always thought it owned the franchise by virtue of its fanatical support of Francisco Franco through the Civil War and the lean years that followed. But the blue-shirted Falange has been mortgaging its claims for years by clinging to the good old days, and the present reshuffle finally declared its bankruptcy. In nostalgic recognition of past service, three ministries were left in the hands of Falange members; but only one of these, Interior, is significant and all three Falange ministers are a world apart from the old-guard zealots who used to strut about the government ministries as if they were personal fiefs. Having lost the favor of its master, the Falange is left with no powerful voices in the cabinet.

The shake-up brought to an end a bitter internal struggle for power between the dated, aging Falange and the more modern-looking Opus Dei ministers, who were first brought into the cabinet in the late 1950s with orders to salvage the nation's almost bankrupt economy. The subsequent rivalry has had more to do with style and personal jealousies than with ideology. Both groups believe in Franco's authoritarianism, though the Opus interlopers seek by refinement to make it more acceptable to the rest of Western Europe and the United States, on whose good will Spain's economy must depend. So intense had the battle become in the past year that the cabinet was virtually paralyzed, unable to enact such long overdue reforms as the restructuring of the government unions, the modernization of the educational system, and the creation of political associations within the amorphous National Movement. The broader fight was distilled into personal struggles between the strongest and most influential ministers: López Rodó and López Bravo on one side, Fraga and Solís on the other; while such an independent-minded man as Castiella sought to play out his obsessive fantasies of imperial grandeur all by himself.

Because the Opus Dei has drawn heavily on the younger professional and managerial classes, its members in the government have gained the reputation of being nonideological pragmatists, or "technocrats," hostile to reactionary cronyism of the old order. The situation, however, is not that clear-cut, for in practice the Opus Dei ministers have shown themselves to be true believers in Francoism. To think of them as a liberal element emerging from within a decaying dictatorship—as much of the world press has done—is to miss the point. For the Opus Dei ministers are conservative capitalists to the core, a fact that no doubt explains the satisfaction with which U.S. Government officials have greeted the Opus take-over. Their ties and orientation are with the business and financial communities dominated by so many of their fellows in the lay order.

The much touted liberalism of Opus Dei ministers relates only to their efforts to perfect and refine Spanish capitalism; it has nothing to do with political reform. Since their incorporation into the government in the late 1950s, the Opus ministers have indeed moved to put the Spanish economy on a more businesslike basis, bringing in more than $1 billion in American capital, seeking association with the Common Market, and trying to modernize Spanish industrial development. In the political sphere, however, they have shown an unflagging devotion to the authoritarian principles of their patron.

Indeed, the modest efforts to advance liberalism in Spain came only from those now scrapped: Castiella, Fraga and Solís. Castiella, in an off moment from his foreign policy obsessions, almost single-handedly pushed through a religious liberty bill; Fraga liberalized press censorship, and Solís sought to free the unions from government control (albeit for his own political ends). "The irony has been that the ministers most generally associated with the old order have been the only ones to formulate measures to liberalize the system," a government official close to the cabinet said. "In almost every case it has been the so-called liberal technocrats who have opposed them." Though the religious liberty and press bills were passed several years ago, all recent reform legislation has been stalled. The political association bill, an ambiguous measure that might permit a guarded development of political groups (though not parties), has yet to be reported out of the cabinet. When the long-pending labor reform bill emerged from the cabinet recently, it was found to be almost indistinguishable from the present labor law, which keeps the unions in a vertical strait jacket firmly under the control of the government and the nation's capitalist interests. The old order, despite its Fascist origins, has found itself returning hesitantly to some of the social concerns of Falange founder José Antonio Primo de Rivera. The new order, on the other hand, appears to have decided that maximum profits and capital regeneration can best be attained by holding to the rigid controls Francoism imposes on the citizenry. Business runs more smoothly in the absence of active unions and political organizations.

The fact that Franco's most trusted adviser, Vice President Carrero Blanco, is also under the sway of the Opus ministers obviously was a vital factor in his decision to will them his estate. (Indeed, many of the disenchanted maintain that Franco is already beyond the point where he can make such crucial decisions; that he has simply left it all up to Carrero.) The investiture of Prince Juan

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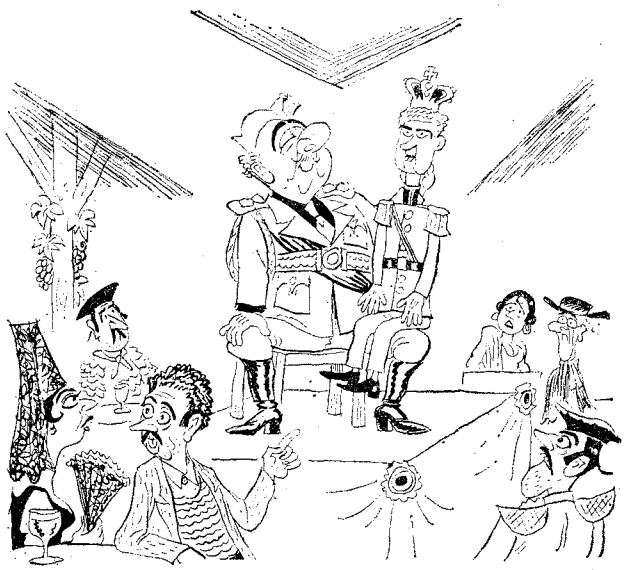
Carlos in July was the first sign that the scales had tipped to Opus Dei. Its members had been his most ardent supporters in recent years, no doubt on the theory that, with Juan Carlos as a figurehead chief of state, they would have complete freedom to run the government as they saw fit.

The highly sensitive public relations men of the order are at pains to point out that Opus Dei is in no way a political organization and that its members act as individuals in temporal affairs. "Opus Dei has nothing to do with politics," founder Monsignor Josemaría Escrivá de Balaguer told an interviewer recently. "It is absolutely foreign to any political, economic, ideological or cultural



Juhl, P.I.B. (Copenhagen)

"No Signorina—the Ventriloquist Makes all the Replies!"

tendency or group. . . . Its aims are exclusively spiritual and apostolic." The 67-year-old Monsignor Escrivá, who now directs the worldwide order from Rome, is no doubt stating official policy: there is no international Opus Dei conspiracy to make Spain the personal barony of the order.

What is also true, however, is that a major part of the Opus Dei's 22,000 Spanish members are bound together by a similar university-educated, middle-class background and a common, Opus-instilled belief that they are a new elite who will lead Spain along the path of modern Catholic virtue. This, when mixed with the personal ambitions of some of its more prominent members, has led to the order's rapid rise among all the important sectors of Spanish life. Zeal, hard work, technical proficiency and money have brought the Opus Dei to the fore. And because its members are held together by Opus Dei's spiritual beliefs, as well as by constant communication with one another within the order, it has proved almost impossible to separate the acts of its members from their affiliation with the order. Though the order holds that man is split between his spiritual beliefs and his work on earth, few Spaniards are willing to accept the division, especially now that Opus Dei members dominate their government. "What would you say if you suddenly looked up and saw that half of your government and economy was dominated by Jesuits or Christian Scientists or Masons?" asked a Madrid University professor. "Could you really say it was a coincidence?"

The new style of post-Francoism, however, has already warmed Western hearts. Because the Opus members are so concerned with business and growth, they know that the Castiella type of nationalistic foreign policy must go. At all cost, the new government intends to appear more liberal, modern and Western. López Bravo has already muted Spain's claims to Gibraltar in favor of a concentration on getting Spain accepted into the Common Market. (Negotiations are now under way on a six-year trade arrangement which might lead to eventual association, if all works out well.) On the American front, Spain is expected to drop its stiff demands for the continued presence of U.S. military bases when negotiations are renewed next year. (That the U.S. Congress may decide to cancel the bases accord next September is a possibility not mentioned in the present mood of cooperative euphoria.)

On the home front, no change is expected, though the more glaring examples of repression, especially in the Basque country and the universities, may be muted (not abandoned) in order to present a better face to the West. The opposition is too splintered and ineffective to mount any real challenges in the immediate future. The once powerful underground workers' commissions, which made the labor front so hot for the government only a year ago, were badly broken by the arrest and harassment of most of their militants during last January's state of emergency. The nation's major campuses remain under virtual martial law, with policemen almost outnumbering students. Little opposition can be expected from the young.

Thus the only effective challenge to Opus Dei dominance of the post-Franco era may come from the parties they so mercilessly dispossessed. Indeed, it could be that in his attempt to find the one group which would provide a stable, coordinated team to govern after he leaves, Franco has opened the chance for the instability and political revival he so abhors. By giving all to the Opus Dei, Franco may have sent the Falange and other anti-Opus elements in his entourage beyond the pale, but nevertheless left them with enough force to be a factor in the future. They can perhaps use the National Movement and the official unions, which they still control, to make things difficult for the new-style Francoists. And a man as dynamic and politically ambitious as the 48-year-old Fraga is not likely to take defeat with humility. It is already reliably reported that he has turned down the ambassadorship to Washington in favor of returning to his post as political science professor at Madrid University. The rumor is already throughout Spain that he will try to rally the opposition.

Be that as it may, the future of post-Franco Spain still remains ultimately in the hands of the army, which first ushered in the dictatorship. While it has been increasingly depoliticized under Franco's careful eye, the fact that his regime was set up as a military dictatorship cannot be overlooked, not even by the Opus. The army in Spain

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has ever since the Civil War reserved the right to be the final arbiter of the system; indeed, it is constitutionally charged to "guarantee the defense of the [Francoist] institutional system." Franco, as well as his top generals, have made it plain that this defense is to be both external and internal.

The future of Opus Dei's post-Francoism, then, will depend more than anything on how well they can satisfy the army that they are indeed Franco's spiritual heirs. If a political squabble between the Opus and a solidified anti-Opus opposition gets out of hand, the army will dictate who is to govern. And it could well be that neither side will get its desire. The example of Greece has escaped few Spaniards, and the inexperienced Juan Carlos, when he becomes king, will look very much like his brother-in-law, King Constantine—especially to the military. And as Franco's old guard slips from the saddle, the judicial role of the army will fall into the hands of today's colonels. Whatever the changes, democracy, it would seem, is not on the Spanish horizon.

GHOST TOWN VIGILANTES

THE RACIAL PALLOR OF CAIRO

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Cairo, a town of 8,500, 45 per cent black, stands at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. This is the southernmost point of Illinois and in Cairo prejudice is often translated into action. Intense enmity between white and black has been a historical constant here; confrontation and violence have frequently cracked the veneer of community order, particularly since World War II. Recently, hostilities have escalated. Fire bombings and snipings are common occurrences, and several buildings have been burned to the ground (if a destroyed business has hired Negroes, the suspicion is that the arsonists were white). A few blacks have been wounded, and at least one has been killed. There are incessant threats, implicit or overt, mostly from whites. Considerable numbers of machine guns and other weapons have been sold to both blacks and whites.

Black militancy is the current spark to Cairo's traditional powder keg. The blacks, particularly the younger ones who have not been assimilated into the ante-bellum Southern mores (Cairo lies south of Richmond), are challenging established authority relationships, whereby whites proclaim decisions and "nigras" shuffle off to church to stifle their hatred of "the Man" by praying to the Lord. Blacks, organized in the United Front, are now assertively asking for a greater role in city government, more Negro policemen and jobs in the businesses which they until recently patronized, but now boycott. They are defying white paternalism as fervidly as they once chopped cotton.

As late as the summer of 1966, Negroes in the three southern Illinois counties, Alexander, Pulaski and Massac, were chained to low-paying cotton-chopping jobs by the seasonal withdrawal of welfare payments. Each spring the Alexander County office of the Illinois Public Aid Commission notified Cairo Negroes who received aid to dependent children that payments were to be terminated because seasonal labor was available. The labor was in the cotton fields of southern Illinois, southwestern Kentucky and southeastern Missouri, from May to September at 50c an hour. William H. Robinson, a black member of the Illinois Advisory Committee to the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, reported in 1966: "There is evidence of collusion between the large farmers of the three states, the public aid department, and the Illinois State Employment Service to keep the Negroes in a form of slavery by paying them slave wages. When workers return to welfare rolls after the cotton-picking season, they are put on general assistance which pays less than regular welfare payments." The Illinois Advisory Committee's findings stimulated a larger investigation and the practice has been abolished.

The white community has been unable to deal with the new black militancy on any rational level. Their major response, following a black civil disturbance in July 1967 has been to organize a white vigilante group, the White Hats, allegedly "to protect our families, our homes, and our property," but actually to defend ingrained values and practices against the onslaught of the new movement. The present State's attorney for Alexander County, Peyton Berbling, was one of the organizers and even served as an officer. The group is now defunct, but the fact that a man who was once an agent of a terrorist organization could become the foremost representative of the law in Cairo says much about the quality of its justice. The White Hats armed 600 citizens, and drilled conspicuously in the downtown park, wearing white pith helmets. They were deputized as sheriff's deputies and deputy coroners. Cairo businessman Philip D. Marsden once claimed, "I could get my dog deputized in this town." The White Hats periodically participated in target practice and crisis alerts.

The White Hats disbanded last spring under pressure from the state government, particularly from Lieut. Gov. Paul Simon. The Apprehension of Horse Thieves and Other Felons Act, the legislation granting legal status to vigilante groups, was repealed at the same time. But a new group, United Citizens for Community Action (UCCA), has sprung up, and the Negro community views it as the same thing. One can even hear Negro children near the all-black Pyramid Courts housing project jumping rope and singing: "Where have all the White Hats gone? Not far away. Where have all the White Hats gone? They have gone underground to the UCCA."

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The United Citizens practice a modern-day vigilantism. Equipped with two-way radios, they cruise the Negro district at night, sometimes with shotguns and rifles protruding from car windows. Both blacks and whites monitor civilian band radio in the evenings. (Preston Ewing, Jr., president of the local NAACP chapter, was until recently a radio and TV repair shop owner.) The messages remind one of the tactics of warfare: "We're close to Niggertown now. The guns are in the back. Our station will be about 100 yards behind Niggertown." "O.K., I'm coming down Walnut now. I'm staying here on this side of the tracks, so if any make any move out of Niggertown, I can handle it." Other conversation focuses upon contingency tactics: "We can roll a string of boxcars in behind Pyramid Courts for cover, if we need 'em. Cuz the city cut down all the brush between the tracks and the Courts, there won't be no cover outside. We can pin 'em down inside." (On one occasion the blacks of Pyramid Courts cornered a guerrilla band of whites on a nearby levee.) This sort of dialogue is not unusual on citizen band radio in Cairo.

The black community organized the United Front in response to the vigilante threat. It also is armed, but it has sought to de-emphasize weapons, realizing that it would be the weaker side in any showdown. Thus, when an AWOL Cairo Negro soldier mysteriously "hung himself" in the local jail and an elderly black man was beaten to death, the blacks didn't make major issues of their suspicions, fearing a mass reprisal upon Pyramid Courts,

Behrendt, Algemeen Handelsblad (Amsterdam)

residence for 2,000 of Cairo's 3,800 Negroes. Instead, the United Front has decided that the way to improve the Negro's position in the town is to wield as much economic power as possible. Accordingly, it declared a boycott of white business. It has been honored by all the blacks, who now buy at a black cooperative store established just north of Cairo or go 38 miles to Cape Girardeau, Mo. For some white merchants business has dropped by two-thirds. "Hell," griped a motel owner, "I'd be out of business if it weren't for the state police and newsmen staying here. I'm losing a lot of money." A real estate man claimed he had sold only two houses since last January. "Me and my family, we're moving to Florida. It's got to be better there. My God, what do they want? They're on aid. They don't work." "I'm losing $150 a day," complained another businessman. "I'm a small businessman and that's too much to lose."

Refusal to patronize local business works a drastic effect upon Cairo, which is in a depression. Of eighty-six Illinois communities with populations ranging from 5,000 to 10,000, Cairo ranks first in family units earning less than $3,000 a year, the income level defined by the federal government as the minimum for subsistence. Some 44 per cent of Cairo's families are below it. Cairo is second among the eighty-six towns in substandard housing: 45.8 per cent of all families reside in such dwellings. Since 1960 only nine new houses have been built and more than 200 have been torn down. There has been no public housing construction since 1927. Cairo is third in unemployment with a 9.4 per cent rate. For blacks, the rate is twice as high and runs to 20 per cent for the Negro males. Cairo is part of the Alexander-Pulaski Counties' depressed area, where Senator McGovern's Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs found considerable hunger and malnutrition. Cairo and Alexander County rate at or near the top for Illinois in high school dropouts, premature births, infant mortality, disease, aid to dependent children and old age pensions.

Part of Cairo's problem is a great loss of population; it has shrunk to one-third of its 1920 figure. Those who leave are disproportionately the young, the potential leadership, which Cairo desperately needs if it is not to become a ghost town. Many whites display bumper stickers proclaiming "Cairo—Love It or Leave It." The young, black and white, have taken the bitter advice, emigrating to St. Louis and Chicago, abandoning Cairo to become "an ugly sepulchre, a grave uncheered by any gleam of promise," as Charles Dickens described it during his visit in 1842.

The tax base has diminished with the population decline, but the percentage of the population on welfare has not—in fact, it has increased. The minuscule population influx has been composed primarily of poor whites from Kentucky, Missouri and Tennessee, who contribute little to the tax base. They compete with blacks for low-paying jobs; many have become resentful welfare recipients. Their presence heightens racial tension.

Father Gerald Montroy, since 1968 representative in Cairo of the Belleville, Ill., Catholic Diocese (all of southern Illinois), referred to by Cairo whites as the "white nigger"; and Rev. Charles Koen, a black leader of the United Front, have advised the state government that major violence lurks just below the ruffled surface. (The Reverend Koen was a controversial leader of the Black Liberators in St. Louis and East St. Louis in 1967 and 1968. The press has referred to him as an "extreme militant.") They have requested Governor Ogilvie to intervene with a long-term scheme for peace, rather than to continue treating the symptoms of basic problems as

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though they were isolated emergencies. They have even asked the Governor to declare Cairo a disaster area, but Ogilvie thought that unnecessary.

However, when the Cairo merchants began to feel the pinch of the boycott (six had liens on their businesses), President Nixon declared the part of Southern Illinois which includes Cairo an economic disaster area, thereby making federal small business loans easily obtainable. This action, whether or not so intended, effectively undercuts the boycott.

The Governor has dispatched the Illinois National Guard to Cairo on two occasions, but only a temporary cessation of hostilities has been achieved. He has looked the other way throughout much of the trouble. Lieut. Gov. Paul Simon has evinced more concern; he has visited Cairo, and has offered to serve as negotiator. But the United Citizens will have no truck with "outside interference" and "emotional sensationalism" on the part of politicians. The United Front, on the other hand, insists that the Governor or Lieutenant Governor act as negotiator in talks designed to end hostilities. To satisfy Negro demands after the disruptions in the summer of 1967, the white leadership made a "good faith" agreement; but it later reneged and destroyed any trust that may have existed between blacks and whites. Now the Front wants a binding agreement, signed by the parties to the dispute and by a high-ranking state official, preferably the Governor.

Cairo blacks have suffered numerous frustrations in their attempts to secure access to places of public accommodation. They sought to integrate the city swimming pool in 1962, gaining entry by force. After three weeks of unwilling integration (actually a series of sit-ins, demonstrations, cracked heads and arrests), the city officials closed the pool, saying it was not making enough money, and later selling it to a private concern for $1. Today the pool remains closed.

The blacks also attempted in 1962 to integrate a skating rink, owned by Billy Thistlewood, then a member of the local police force. Thistlewood furnished local whites with clubs and chains to repel the intrusion. In 1967, Negro leaders asked that they be permitted to convert into a youth and community center a chicken processing plant that had folded. The city contended that it wanted to keep the factory available for new industry, but the building, after more than two years, stands vacant and unattended. Even the Cairo Little League is segregated; doctors persist in segregating their waiting rooms, and dentists refuse to treat Negro welfare recipients.

When the Cairo schools were integrated during the winter of 1967, four schools were abandoned (they were all-Negro ones; integration generally meant moving blacks into white schools). Black leaders asked the school board for use of the gymnasium in one of these abandoned premises as an activities center. The board refused the request, saying they had long-term plans for the property. "Fine," Negro leaders agreed, "let us use it until the plans are completed." The response was forthcoming within a few days when a bulldozer appeared on the scene and converted the gymnasium into a pile of rubble. City officials erected in its place two basketball goals, which stand at virtually the same locations as did the goals in the old gymnasium. Of the three remaining schools requested by black leaders, two were bulldozed to the ground (although white leaders claimed one of them was to become a medical center) and the other was sold to an all-white group to house a private school, Camelot Parochial. Camelot "serves the better, white children," according to school administrator, Rev. Larry Potts, the fundamentalist Baptist preacher who in 1968 clubbed to death with a baseball bat a 72-year-old Negro, Marshall Morris. Potts was never indicted. He contended that Morris was assaulting his wife in their home. He testified before an Illinois House of Representatives Special Investigating Committee that black militants put Morris up to the attack.

Potts believes the public schools have declined as a result of integration. "The first year after integration, it was chaos. A lot of parents pulled their children out of school then. Many of us felt we ought to give them another chance. The second year was even worse. So many parents just felt they couldn't send their children back again." Mrs. Freida Rose, who has enrolled her child at Camelot, but still retains her position as a board member for the public schools, noted: "We tried integration. But when the Negro children came into the schools, it was terrible. They wrote dirty words on the walls and used such terrible language that we just couldn't take it any more. It isn't that they're Negro. It's just that their morals are so atrocious. I guess they must learn it at home."

Black students in the Cairo public schools have been the target of systematic discrimination. Counselors advise Negro students to drop out of school. A frequent reason cited is that a student is too old for his grade level. Actually, many of the students encouraged to leave school are from families most active in the United Front. Teachers and administrators discourage Negro studentts from participating in the senior class trip, although all students raise funds for the trip. One student was expelled because he had allegedly been "too playful" with a white girl, and two were evicted from a school assembly for clenching their fists in the "black power" salute.

Racial confrontation has fixed a ghostly pallor on Cairo. Although located on a rich alluvial fan at the confluence of two great arteries of transport and commerce, potentially greater than Chicago (and at one time larger and more prosperous), the city is impoverished in 1969 because a rigid and paranoid social structure will not permit the rational use of resources, both human and physical.

The white leaders, believing God and the Bible to be on their side, would rather attack the boycott and the black militants than seek to eradicate the poverty and deprivation which victimize many of both races. A United Front resolution points out: "The real enemy of the poor people of Cairo, the black ones and the white ones, is the government (in Springfield and Cairo) which permits the poor to remain poor at the edge of an affluent society." The situation in Cairo is a classic one of wealthy elites, bound into a ruling clique, pitting one impoverished group

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against another. The white leaders know that if they can interpret every issue as a racial one, they will never lose an election (the population is 55 per cent white). They fear any organization that cuts across the racial barrier. The Illinois Migrant Council met great opposition when it initiated its adult education program for underemployed seasonal farm workers. The assistant program director was badly beaten and the area coordinator was fired upon. The white leaders know that when impoverished whites and blacks study together, they are only one step from joint political action, and they fear collective militancy even more than black militancy. Black power can be contained in Cairo because it is not sufficient to win political office, but the voices of the impoverished (at least half the population), demanding change through the ballot box, could not be ignored.

A coalition of poor blacks and whites is not an immediate possibility. The polarization of the races in Cairo is, in fact, so great that it is difficult for black and white even to discuss their problems. White police Captain W. H. Thompson claims, "I have never seen so much hatred in my life as in this town." A truck driver snarls, "When the niggers learn that if they start cutting on a white man for no reason at all, they're going to get their head blown off, they'll start leaving white people alone." A shopkeeper insists: "We got the dumbest goddam niggers in the country." The Reverend Potts, who regularly preaches on "Communism in Cairo," is the leading advocate of the "devil theory" espoused by most white citizens. He throws up his hands in disgust. "There's a criminal element in Cairo. There's a militant element that has come and gone back and forth from East St. Louis." A housewife confides: "We want to help the nigras, but these cruddy black 'Castro guerrillas' just keep on agitating. These things take time." This thinking in stereotypes, this imputing of the basest motives to a whole group, creates a sociological climate of intolerance. The most minor incident can set off violence.

The blacks in Cairo have refused to turn inward the antagonism they feel toward whites. There has been some militant preying upon moderate blacks who do not agree with the activist strategy, even one killing, but it has not been much, given the intensity of feelings. The *Cairo News*, published by the blacks, moralizes: "The one lesson we hope the White Hats have learned is that there is a new black man, woman, and child in Cairo. They all stand ten feet tall and they can smell a sick racist miles away and long before they can begin to deceive the blacks."

The blacks have sought full participation in civic life by initiating legal challenges to discriminatory practices. For example, the United Front challenged a proclamation, issued under the authority of a Cairo City Ordinance, banning picketing in the corporate limits. The Front won with the legal assistance of Robert Lansden, a lawyer and one of the few white liberals in Cairo, who took the case to federal court in Danville, Ill. Lansden also handled cases for Cairo blacks in 1949 and 1952, winning on both occasions. For his efforts, his home has been fire bombed and garbage has been strewn on his lawn. One neighbor, after suffering an accidental fire bombing of his porch, erected on his roof a neon arrow pointing toward Lansden's place. David Baldwin, president of the United Front, feels the boycott would be successful without picketing, but that the activity sustains in all blacks a sense of involvement that is essential to the black movement in Cairo.

Through the United Front, the blacks have discovered what it means to be a constructive agent of change (and when destructive, generally in self-defense). They no longer accept Cairo's archaic, plantation system of values. But the white community, isolated by its collective illusion about what blacks are like, has hypnotized itself into believing that the "niggers" really do not mean all those things about "Black Power" and "black dignity." How long this fantasy will last is difficult to say, but the violence will continue until it ends.

LEGITIMATE DEDUCTIONS?

CONSCIENCE and the INCOME TAX

RALPH S. RICE
Mr. Rice is Connell Professor of Law, University of California at Los Angeles. Earlier in his career he was a practicing lawyer and an assistant attorney general in South Dakota.

Government watchers predict that substantial federal tax reforms will be adopted in 1969 and 1970. It is said that public disillusion with the present tax structure will compel changes.

The sad fact is that several difficulties make such an accomplishment dubious, even though a bill of sorts has passed the House and, with approximately eighty amendments, the Senate. First, enthusiasts are too quick to discount the political muscle—manifest in many an earlier battle—of those who assert a vested interest in a tax shelter. Second, when the bill goes to the Conference Committee of House and Senate, further erosion may be expected.

Finally, the reforms currently being welcomed as revolutionary may well turn out to be ineffectual. For example, promise and performance were far apart in the 1962 tax reforms, which were equally hailed as protecting the generality of taxpayers. Particularly important there were provisions concerning the efforts of the Treasury Department to control abuses in deductions claimed for travel and entertainment. However, what actually took place under these statutes scarcely justifies the hosannas with which it was greeted.

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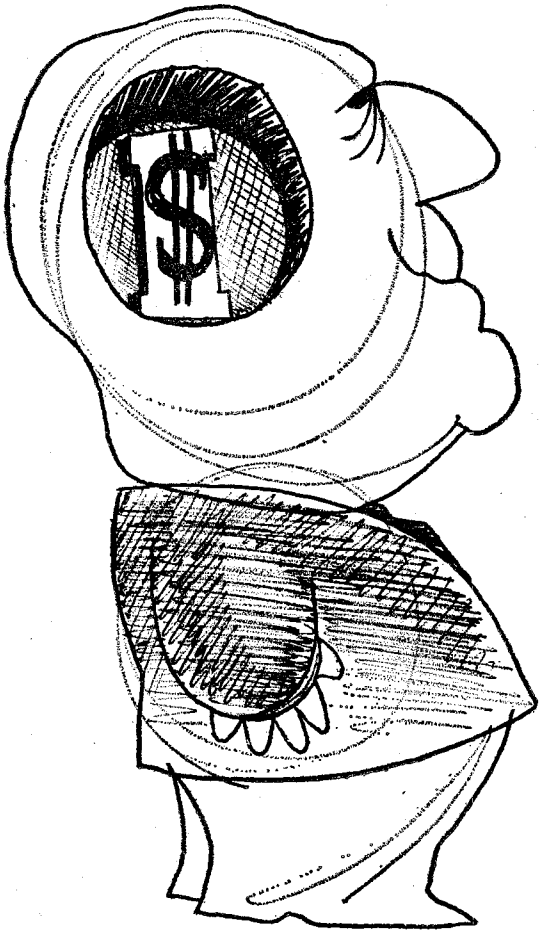
Let us pursue this subject through the eyes and mind of John Doe, a mythical taxpayer beloved of legal scholars.

Doe, who has a passing knowledge of income taxes, sits down to estimate his income subject to the federal tax. As he looks through the scraps of paper on which he has noted possible deductions, his eye falls on an item of $40 for theatre tickets, purchased on an occasion when he was host to Roe, an old college friend with whom he had done some business in the past, and Roe's wife. He must now decide whether the item is deductible, and he reviews the law to find the answer.

He remembers that the basic statute provides that expenses generally are deductible only where they are "ordinary and necessary" in "carrying on any trade or business." The obscurity of such terms as "ordinary" and "necessary" gives him some concern: he recalls the words of Justice Cardozo on the subject:

> One struggles in vain for any verbal formula that will supply a ready touchstone. The standard set up by the statute is not a rule of law; it is rather a way of life. Life in all its fullness must supply the answer to the riddle.

Doe is vaguely moved by these philosophic observations but reflects that they are not really helpful in deciding whether the $40 spent for theatre tickets is deductible; something less ethereal is needed. So he turns to other provisions of the Internal Revenue Code. He discovers that additional sections authorize deduction for entertainment expenses in terms equally obscure. It is recited in one such section that the expense of entertainment is deductible if it is: "directly related to" the "active conduct" of the taxpayer's "trade or business."



Noonan

He notes also that somewhat different rules govern in the case of an item: "directly preceding or following" a "substantial" and "bona fide business discussion," including "business meetings at a convention or otherwise." In such case the test is to be whether the item was "associated with" the taxpayer's "trade or business."

As he contemplates the meaning of each word, his confusion increases. He feels that somewhere, somehow, the government must have more clearly communicated to him the basis on which he might or might not take the $40 deduction.

The meaning of dubious words is sometimes made clear by the reports of Congressional committees. Doe examines the Senate report for this statute. It says there that the taxpayer "must show a greater degree of proximate relation between the expenditure and his trade or business than is required under present law." Doe reflects: How much is "greater"? What is "proximate"? What is a "relation"? What is "present law"?

It also says in the Senate report: "It will not be sufficient that the entertainment expense is vaguely or remotely connected with a business motive; it must be demonstrated that the predominant purpose of the expense is to further the trade or business of the taxpayer."

Doe wonders what the words "vaguely," "remotely," "business motive" and "predominant purpose" mean when applied to his theatre tickets. He decides to look at the regulations of the Internal Revenue Service. Remembering that the $40 deduction is permissible only if he shows the expenditure to be "directly related" to his business, he scans the regulations for a definition of the term. He discovers a recital that an expense is "directly related" to a taxpayer's trade or business if:

¶The taxpayer had more than a "general expectation" of obtaining income or some "business benefit."

¶He "actively engaged" in a "business meeting," "negotiation," "discussion" or other "business transaction" for the purpose of obtaining income or a "business benefit."

¶The "principal aspect" of the business and entertainment was the "active conduct" of a "trade or business" of the taxpayer.

¶The person entertained was one with whom the taxpayer engaged in the "active conduct" of "a trade or business."

So he reflects further. Of course, he likes Roe and enjoys his company. Likewise he enjoys the theatre. And he hoped before and throughout the theatre performance, that sometime in the future Roe would do business with him. If he had more than a "general expectation" of income or a "business benefit" he can take the deduction. He remembers that he can also take it if his business advantage was the "principal aspect" of the occasion. In support of the deduction he now remembers that pursuant to plan he described recent professional successes, real and imagined, to Roe in the course of the evening.

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He wonders: Is that enough? Particularly, he is puzzled whether in these circumstances, he could fairly say that he had more than a "general expectation" of "business benefit," and that the "principal aspect" of the occasion was business.

Looking further, Doe discovers that the Service has also said that expenditures for entertainment are deductible where made "in a clear business setting directly in furtherance of taxpayer's trade or business." The Service also warns that to use this avenue in justifying a deduction, "generally" the taxpayer must "clearly" establish that the recipient "would have reasonably known that the taxpayer had no significant motive, in incurring the expenditure, other than directly furthering his trade or business. Objective rather than subjective standards will be determinative."

These factors place Doe in a morass of indecision and embarrassment. No longer may he gloss over his conduct and his motivation. He still hasn't decided why, really, he invited Roe. Doe would really like to think of himself as an open and generous friend of Roe, but tax considerations forbid. This self-examination is a prelude to the critical question: Why did Roe think he was asked? Did he suspect that business was uppermost in Doe's mind? Does Roe lack self-confidence; does he think that no one loves him for himself alone? If so, the item is deductible. The same results follow if Roe is a cynic who knows not the meaning of friendship. But if Roe is generous, outgoing, given to easy trust and quick enthusiasms, the deduction may be lost.

Doe is further troubled at this point by the knowledge that certain expenditures are not "generally" considered by the Service to be directly related to a trade or business. This is true if the entertainment occurs at a place where distractions are substantial: at a cocktail party, a night club, theatre or sporting event. It is true also respecting meetings, including persons other than business associates, at such places as cocktail lounges, country clubs, golf and athletic clubs, and vacation resorts. As to such items, taxpayer must "clearly" establish that the expense is related to the active conduct of his trade or business.

How much proof is required to establish this connection "clearly"? What distractions are substantial? Would a

(Continued on page 698)

HARRY GOLDEN

The federal directives are insistent. North Carolina must totally integrate its schools by next year. Interposition did not work, nullification did not work, even the closing of the school did not work. But there are Tarheels who will not give up. In the past year, die-hard segregationists who are the parents of school-age children have financed the opening of almost fifty new "Christian Academies" for the instruction of white children.

The purpose of these private schools is to offer "quality education," so called. In reality, they are renovated barns, small frame houses, old Quonset huts, sometimes even a dilapidated school building long ago turned over to the mice. Tuition runs from $250 to $700 a year. The labor needed to paint the walls, refinish old desks, landscape the yard and construct the playground is all contributed by the parents. At Twelve Oaks Academy in Shelby, N.C., a one-year-old school not yet approved by the state, the headmaster teaches psychology, English, biology and physical science; another teacher handles chemistry, French and history, and a third takes on all the elementary grades from one through seven. Ramseur's Faith Christian School has so far cost $250,000 and the Gaston Day School already has $600,000 in hand. Both schools still operate in the red.

By law, these Christian Academies must offer substantially the same subjects taught in the public schools, and schedule as many school hours for the students through the year as the Department of Public Instruction directs. *Charlotte Observer* reporters Jerry Adams and Sam Covington found classes at the private schools deserted by noon and the students impressed as carpenters, painters and laborers to ready the physical plant. In some cases the reporters were chased from the grounds by irate faculty and parents when they took pictures. Not one Negro is registered in any of these Christian Academies.

North Carolina moderates and informed educators are caught in a dilemma. These private schools drain support from the public school system. Bond issues are easily defeated at the polls, budgetary requests are denied, and state funds, appropriated on the basis of student enrollment, are less than boards of education had anticipated.

An even worse dilemma faces the older private schools —the parochial schools scattered throughout the state, some of the prestigious academies, the three Negro private schools which have operated since the 1900s, and the twenty-three private schools run by the Seventh-Day Adventists. They have long complied with the requirements for instruction set down by the state. No one seriously believes the new Christian Academies can meet these standards, and it is a worrisome possibility that the public will soon come to lump all private schools together as inferior.

It is even sadder for the children who attend the Christian Academies. Southern colleges do not lower their standards no matter how parents clamor for a show of their patriotism. The South already has 3 million illiterates. The Christian Academies are bound to swell the ranks.

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lecture on transubstantiation distract Smith (a sophisticate of 20) in the same manner that it might distract Jones (a clergyman of 80)?

Frustration comes upon Doe: he now knows that he will search in vain for a meaningful standard to measure his right to the deduction, yet he must take a deduction or forfeit it: unlike Congress and the commissioner, he cannot just talk around the problem.

Since this is a modern fable, it would be gauche to underline a moral for Doe or to resolve his problem. Let us, however, consider what his dilemma teaches about the tax structure and the prospects for its improvement:

¶Any effective system of federal taxation must be based on self-assessment. It is just not feasible—nor consistent with what we consider to be the American way of life—to employ an army of tax administrators to scour the land for wrongdoers.

¶Any system of self-assessment presumes that the taxpayer can tell within reasonable limits how much is due the government.

¶The occasional doubt and inconvenience of an isolated taxpayer is both inevitable and unimportant, but where doubts are substantial and arise from transactions which recur throughout the commercial life of the nation, the tax structure may be impaired beyond redemption.

We delude ourselves if we hope to construct a workable system of self-assessment on definitions which do not define. And the "reform" reflected in the current statute does not encourage optimism about future improvements; shortcomings are manifest.

Under present law, Doe's decision is almost completely subjective; the element of personal conscience is paramount. An expense which to one taxpayer seems "ordinary" or "necessary" or "directly related" to a trade or business may not seem so to another. In addition, deductions involving theatre tickets (or the use of the family car, an office at home, other entertainment or travel) incorporate elements of personal satisfaction to the taxpayer. When the taxpayer allocates his costs between personal and business expenditures, what measure does he use? Should he deduct all the expenses? Should he deduct any? Would 10 per cent be about right?

Tax laws which leave the matter in such a posture are thus unrealistic. We are not at the nirvana when tax collection on the basis of a man's personal conscience is effective, especially when the taxpayer can, for a fee, hire another to be his conscience. Consider the taxpayer, known to all of us, who observes that "my tax adviser lets me take 50 per cent of the expense of my second car." Competition among the less competent tax advisers to demonstrate that one is more liberal than another in the "allowance" of deductions to his client is inevitable.

It must also be remembered that the taxpayer who smothers his conscience is, as a practical matter, reasonably safe. In the first place, his return probably won't be audited. The percentage of audited returns where this issue arises varies, but is never large. When the return of a corporation is audited, the facts of the transaction are not always apparent upon a mere review of the corporation books. Moreover, if the taxpayer is caught, the only penalty in practice is that he will have to make up the difference between what he paid and what he ought to have paid, plus interest. It is hard to convict for fraud in these cases. A taxpayer will plead that he has made a mistake in judgment about the law as it applies to him. How can the government successfully claim bad faith when a taxpayer interprets a statute containing words that are quite meaningless? So the danger is that the honest taxpayer will pay, and the dishonest taxpayer will cheat. If the cheats get too numerous, the system will break down altogether.

We need go back no further than the days of speakeasies, bathtub gin and the bottle that just came off the boat to know what happens when there is a breakdown of public morale with respect to a statute. No democracy—no government—can afford the luxury of retaining legislation which affects the lives of all the citizens, but which is cast in a form the people cannot understand and consequently will not accept.

There are other shortcomings in the present tax structure respecting the entertainment deduction. Some taxpayers feel that since they may have to negotiate with agents of the Treasury Department concerning their tax liabilities, they are well advised to claim a very high amount of expense so that they may compromise it at a figure roughly in accord with the facts. This situation has been discussed by a former Commissioner of Internal Revenue as follows:

> A taxpayer honestly believes that he has incurred deductible T&E [travel and entertainment] expense of $500 during the taxable year. He has not, however, kept records to substantiate the deduction. . . . Believing that the Internal Revenue Service will only allow a deduction for 50 per cent of whatever amount he claims, he files a return claiming a deduction for T&E expense in the amount of $1,000. Does this . . . "gamesmanship" . . . constitute fraud?

Perhaps such a return would not reflect fraud if the taxpayer knew for certain that his return would be audited. It is a different matter when the taxpayer—or the person making out his return—realizes that the prospect of auditing is remote, and that the full deduction will probably be available to the taxpayer by default. There is considerable fear that this practice is not unusual: it scarcely enhances confidence in the administration of the tax laws.

There is another weakness in the present subjective approach to self-assessment of the tax. Taxpayers are quick to take issue with agents of the Treasury who

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question their good faith and exercise of judgment. This is particularly true in the area of entertainment expenses. The taxpayer reflects, not without some justification, that the government has invited him to use his judgment as to the meaning of such words as "primary," "principal" "clearly," "directly related to the active conduct of . . . trade or business," and the like. On such a basis he has, in fact, used his judgment and spent the money. Consequently, he asserts that the government should trust his judgment since it required him to exercise it in the first place.

In short, the entertainment deduction does not do what Congress and the Administration report that it is supposed to do: make an allowance for a business expense while precluding deductions for personal entertainment. It does not do so for several reasons:

¶The language used is not adequate (and probably no language would be precise enough) to make a distinction between what is allowable and what is not.

¶It is impossible for a taxpayer to decide to take the deduction on the basis of an accepted application of the statute by the public, since the subjective response of others to this problem is neither measured nor measurable, neither known nor knowable. Thus he cannot decide to abide by community response rather than by law.

¶The nature of the deduction is such that detection and correction of widespread abuses is impossible.

Frustration and impairment of tax morality arising from this part of the tax structure imperils the effectiveness of the entire system of self-assessment. Indeed, it is proper to ask: Why is a deduction, so patently unmanageable, permitted to exist? Perhaps it represents an obscurely felt conviction that employees and self-employed carrying heavy burdens elsewhere in the tax structure should be permitted to obtain certain personal satisfactions at the expense of the government. If so, we ought to consider whether relief to segments of the taxpaying public ought to be predicated on a basis so potentially damaging to tax morality and the self-assessment system. There ought to be some better way to soften the severity of the tax bite. Any segment of tax law in which the taxpayer cannot compute his deductions to reach his net income—that is, where self-assessment is impossible in a practical sense—should be stricken from the tax structure. As a method of measuring taxes, it hasn't worked. It can't work. It can only make scoundrels of us all. The generality of taxpayers now have to pay higher taxes to make up for those who cheat under the present law. So we must discard this deduction, and others like it.

But neither the executive nor the legislative branch has so far shown the courage and tenacity to beat out solutions to even this relatively uncontroversial problem.

With this kind of history, is there really hope that this time they will adopt effective measures, backed by meaningful language, concerning the major tax shelters of the day?

LETTERS *(Continued from page 682)*

vironment. I suggest that society must recognize that the genetic manipulations promised by Prof. S. E. Luria ["Modern Biology: A Terrifying Power," *The Nation*, Oct. 20] are not science at all but rather medical technology, and are therefore proper subjects for regulation. Medical technology, like industrial technology, has shielded itself from long overdue criticism by resisting (in Rickover's words), "every attempt by society to regulate such use in the public interest, as if it were a modern repetition of the persecution of Galileo."

Medical technology, with unchallenged casuistry, has already transmogrified our concepts of "death." Must we also now accept a sententious redefinition of "life," to suit genetic technologists; or will we recognize in the words of your contributor R. V. Sampson that further than this "it is not possible for perversion to go"?

S. Drucker

deodorant

Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIRS: The commentator in the USIA propaganda film, *The Silent Majority*, one Wiley Daniels, happens also to be a newsman employed by WJZ-TV (Westinghouse) here in Baltimore. WJZ, the most conscientious news station in Maryland, does not allow its newsmen to appear in commercials, a policy not followed by our other two major TV stations. Then we discover that Daniels is hustling for the USIA. What's the difference between mouthwash and brainwash?

Few people in Baltimore know that the Daniels they see on WJZ or the Daniels who interviews them is also a regular commentator for USIA films, fourteen so far, it has been reported to me. To me, newsman Daniels' involvement with USIA is as disturbing as newsmen who inform for the FBI. On the other hand, if people accept the mass media in this country as propaganda disguised as news, it's not disturbing at all. Merely logical. *Grenville B. Whitman*

double tax, double vote

Bergenfield, N. J.

DEAR SIRS: In your Nov. 10 issue Alan Stone ["What the City Needs"] is right when he observes that "suburbanites who work in the central city receive police and fire protection, street provision, water, sewage, sanitation and other services for which they don't pay." He assumes that they should pay taxes [and] . . . let us assume that such taxation is justified. But then let those who pay these taxes vote for the officials who spend those taxes. . . . We assume that each taxpayer has only one community in which he can participate. . . . This may no longer be realistic. In fact, our local political divisions and governmental structure may no longer reflect the realism of modern life styles.

Belden Menkus

to save the *Petal*

Charlotte, N. C.

DEAR SIRS: I write on behalf of Mr. P. D. East of Fairhope, Ala., editor of the *Petal Paper*. Mr. East has suffered trying to fight the segregationists in Alabama and Mississippi, and he needs some funds to keep up the *Petal Paper*. I urge all my friends to send him a check. In the struggle for democracy we need all the allies we can get and P. D. East is an ally and friend of democracy. *Harry Golden*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

'The Fruits of the Two Seasons'

BLAKE AND TRADITION. *By Kathleen Raine. Princeton University Press. (Bollingen Series.) 2 Vols. 428 and 367 pp. $22.50 boxed.*

J. BRONOWSKI

Dr. Bronowski is senior fellow of the Salk Institute of Biological Studies at La Jolla, Calif. His many published works on science and literature include The Common Sense of Science *(Harvard),* The Identity of Man *(Doubleday), and* William Blake and the Age of Revolution *(Harper & Row).* The Nation *has twice devoted special issues to his major essays, "Science and Human Values" (December 29, 1956) and "The Abacus and the Rose: A Dialogue After Galileo" (January 4, 1964).*

When T. S. Eliot included an essay on William Blake in *The Sacred Wood* in 1920, he showed an unexpected critical prescience. There was little curiosity about Blake then, and only his lyrical poems had any number of readers. It was not until the centenary of Blake's death in 1927, when Geoffrey Keynes published all his works in one volume, that a small vortex of public interest began to form in the wake of Eliot (and of Yeats and Swinburne before him). Even so the present surge of Ph.D. theses about Blake, and the swell of books sane or silly, did not take off for another twenty years.

The passage from Eliot's essay that is most often quoted by mischievous critics (of whom I am one) says:

> We have the same respect for Blake's philosophy (and perhaps for that of Samuel Butler) that we have for an ingenious piece of home-made furniture: we admire the man who has put it together out of the odds and ends about the house.

As a judgment of Blake's powerful mind and thought, so much richer than Eliot's (or Yeats's or Swinburne's), this now seems so obtuse as to be funny. The obvious excuse is that it was written at a time when no one had tried to read Blake in the historical and intellectual context of his own day. That makes it funny; what makes it sad is that fifty years later it remains the mood in which most theses and books about Blake are still written.

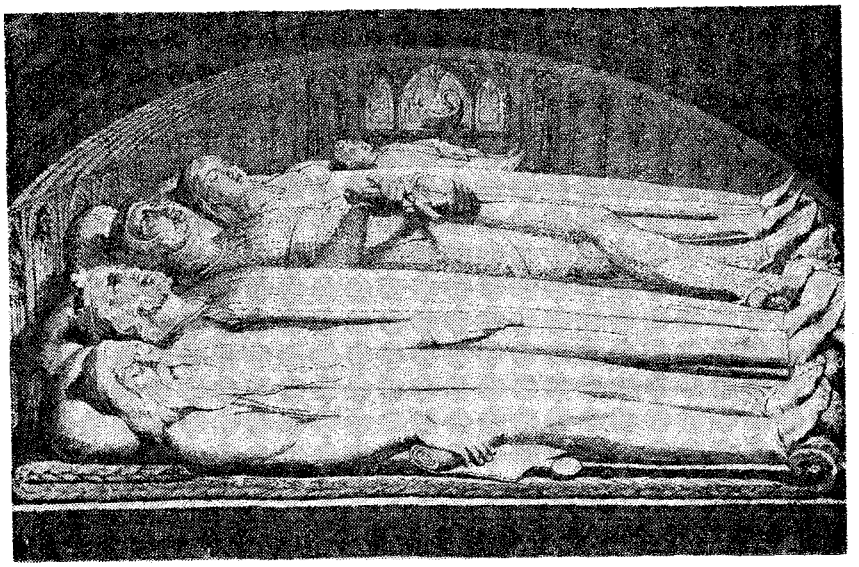
On campuses up and down the country, he continues to be expounded as an Old Testament mystic humping a rag bag of random prejudices, remote from the issues of modern civilization: an amiable crank who made minor poetry out of personal fantasy. It was in this mood that A. E. Housman in *The Name and Nature of Poetry* in 1933 described him as "the most poetical of all poets" in whom the poetry "instead of being confounded in a great river can be drunk pure from a slender channel of its own"; and the patronizing tone still sounds in most judgments of what Blake called his "Mental Fight."

Kathleen Raine has spent twenty years studying the furniture of Blake's mind (to use an old-fashioned phrase which is apposite here); it must have been early in the 1950s that I saw the draft of her first essay, on a short poem from *Songs of Experience* called "Ah! Sun-flower." The theme of Kathleen Raine's remarkable and passionate book is that Blake's thought, including much of his symbolic imagery, belongs to the classical tradition of anti-materialist philosophy since Plotinus. She has shown that Blake was well read and informed in topics of materialist and idealist philosophy. But her theme is not a mere register of sources, of the kind that John Livingston Lowes compiled in *The Road to Xanadu* to show that Coleridge had buried a mass of pirate treasure from his reading in "Kubla Khan." Though Blake was also a thief of memories, he was not like Coleridge a kleptomaniac: what Blake stored and used was organized by his total view of the world.

Although she does not say so, I suspect that the title of her book *Blake and Tradition* came to her as a protest against Eliot's smug insistence that "What [Blake's] genius required, and what it sadly lacked, was a framework of accepted and traditional ideas which would have prevented him from indulging in a philosophy of his own." We should remember that the most telling essay in *The Sacred Wood* was called "Tradition and the Individual Talent."

The tradition of neo-Platonism in which Kathleen Raine places Blake is in its essence a mystical form of humanism. It was its humanism rather than its mysticism which made the early Fathers of the Church suspicious from the beginning, and which caused Saint Augustine to condemn its more extravagant texts such as the Hermetic books. In the authoritarian centuries before the Renaissance, neo-Platonism was the only form of humanist dissent from dogma that was open to independent minds, and it became strong in England in the same spirit during the Puritan revolution in the 17th century. Its chief exponent in Blake's lifetime was Thomas Taylor, and Kathleen Raine shows that Blake read a good deal in him and followed into some of Taylor's sources.

The influence of Thomas Taylor and earlier neo-Platonists on Blake's thought and imagery makes a pointed addition to



Etching by Blake for Robert Blair's The Grave *(1808). Rosenwald Collection, Library of Congress.*

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our knowledge. It shows us that Blake was well informed about other writers who struggled with the same intellectual problems that engaged him, and particularly with the problem of the universal grounds for individual dissent in the face of social and religious authority. In this sense, I regard Kathleen Raine's work as an important complement to the analysis of Blake's social conscience that has been carried out earlier: in my book of 1943 (entitled in this country *William Blake and the Age of Revolution*), in Mark Schorer's *The Politics of Vision* (1946), and in David Erdman's *Prophet Against Empire* (1954). When Kathleen Raine says in her acknowledgments that in reading her work in progress I let "early friendship outweigh a difference in point of view" she is too modest. To me, her point of view and mine (and Schorer's and Erdman's) are, in the deepest sense, the same: we are at one in believing and in showing that Blake was a man whose sensibility was whole, and that he did not withdraw his imagination from either the material or the spiritual wants of those whom his harsh age impoverished.

Whatever criticism I have of *Blake and Tradition* therefore lies elsewhere. It is concerned with the lengths to which the book carries its analysis. It seems to me to be excessive in its detail, and to look for correspondences so minute that the reader may end by distrusting even the large ones. Not everything in Blake is an echo or an analogue of old beliefs and symbols; and when Kathleen Raine seems to labor to find it so, she must make many wonder whether she really is sensitive to Blake's endlessly springing originality. This is a pity, for her book is full of illuminations on a dozen different sides of Blake's work: his concepts of time and space, the satirical and burlesque elements hidden in some of the earlier prophetic books, the point of the visionary visitations by Isaiah and Ezekiel, and many others. In addition she is penetrating in her elucidation of the designs which Blake engraved with his poems, and which are reproduced in large numbers in these two volumes.

It would be wrong of me to fidget about the detail of Kathleen Raine's devotion if I did not feel the same uneasiness on the larger scale, at the obsessive way in which she presses her theme overall. No serious critic would challenge her belief that Blake, like other major poets, saw and sought in poetry the expression of a kind of truth about man that is not exhausted by an enumeration of the material facts of his existence. Nor would anyone now doubt Kathleen Raine's demonstration that Blake found the same philosophy of the imagination in the neo-Platonists, and was impressed by the vivid, mysterious symbolism in which they put it. But somehow this is not enough for her. She implies that neo-Platonism is the only tenable form of this philosophy; and she strains to make it the crucial and overriding content first of Blake's thought and then of his poems.

Both endeavors seem to me ill-judged: they are extravagant and in the end damaging. They prompt the kind of retreat from scholarship which is typified by John Wain's attack on her work: "If a poet can't be shown to be important without bringing in all this lumber, then he *isn't* important." The way to widen our understanding of Blake is to show that he had a wider mind than used to be thought, not a narrower one. I am sure that Kathleen Raine thinks so too, but the conception has got lost in the fervor of her book.

The familiar classroom picture of Blake as an absent-minded eccentric is a caricature that falls short in two respects. On the one hand, he grew up in the climate and the company of the dissenting rationalists who sympathized with the American and French Revolutions, who made the Industrial Revolution possible, and who were horrified (and destroyed) by the monstrous form it took. On the other hand, he was well grounded and well read in the tradition of philosophy that combines Plato with the Gnostics, and gives the prime place in the universe to the spirit or imagination of man.

Thou art a Man, God is no more,
Thy own humanity learn to adore.

It seems puzzling and startling now that these two opposite casts of mind could be combined in a single outlook: yet that is exactly the case. Moreover, we have evidence in A. L. Morton's book *The Everlasting Gospel* (1958) that the same combination of thought existed in some sects in the Puritan revolution, and had survived secretly for more than a century, into Blake's lifetime. In my view, this situation projects into the present, where it is discernible in the strange and unique character of the Labour movement in England. In all other countries, the Socialist movement derives from the single strand of rationalism, by way of Karl Marx's materialism. But in England the Labour movement has a second strand, which is a purely ethical and other-worldly tradition of nonconformity that goes back (through the Dissenting Academies of Blake's day) to Puritanism and the Platonic element in it.

In just this way Blake held together his practical rage against war and oppression and industrial misery, and his imaginative faith that the human spirit of innocence must be freed. On the one hand:

The Soldier armd with Sword & Gun
Palsied strikes the Summers Sun.
The poor Mans Farthing is worth more
Than all the Gold on Africs Shore.

And on the other:

He who shall teach the Child to Doubt
The rotting Grave shall neer get out.
He who respects the Infants faith
Triumphs over Hell & Death.

What makes the voice of Blake so moving, what makes the dialectic of his mind so much more contemporary than Marx's, is his undeviating resolve and his constant invention in twisting the two strands together as one:

The Childs Toys & the Old Mans Reasons
Are the Fruits of the Two seasons.

BRIDGES

The bridges, legged like staples,
hitch the land together and the river,
broken zipper clumsy, bulges between.

Our shadows fall over the wall
through the skewing wings of small gulls;
fall into the current, curdling sudden
spluttered Bronx cheers of froth.

But we are not taken out to sea, only
lie darkly, a stain static on the tide.

When we walk away, a syncopation of strides,
dragging our blotches behind us—
iron filings following beyond bridges—

elbow to elbow what do
our mitered arms mean? What is
this fastening soil to soil,
as we ebb over the sidewalk?

KAREN SWENSON

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Books on Film

ROBERT SKLAR
Mr. Sklar, the author of F. Scott Fitzgerald: The Last Laocoön *(Oxford), is writing a cultural history of the American movies. He teaches at the University of Michigan.*

My friend Elliott, in Ann Arbor where I live, keeps a 16 mm. movie projector in his apartment living room. He rents films and screens them as often as he can, which sometimes means all night. Elliott has more tolerant neighbors than Kirk, who turned two rooms of his duplex apartment over to motion picture screening until his neighbors complained about the noise. Kirk has since left the country, taking with him taped sound tracks of all the movies he had screened, to play on distant beaches and bring to mind the moving image from the irrecoverable screen.

Kirk and Elliott are the frontiersmen of the film generation. Most of their peers are still content with seeing as many movies as they can in theatres and on TV. But within the next decade technology will likely change all that. Beyond the possibilities we already know about, like video tape machines and cable television, there will probably be special attachments to our TV sets, for showing movies whenever we want to see them, or small inexpensive projectors playing cassette-type reels. Movie projectors will become as ubiquitous as tape recorders, and we will sit down each evening to watch movies on the wall as naturally as previous generations used to read books.

If Elliott and Kirk are reliable examples, however, books will be in greater demand than ever—books, that is, about movies. Elliott and Kirk buy all the new paperback books about movies, and many of the hard-cover books as well. They use them, for one thing, as reference works, carefully studying the filmographies and cast lists for information about the directors they admire and the movies that they screen. They are also hungry for anecdotes about the men and women who make and star in movies. It is not merely a fan's interest but an effort to forge a link with craftsmanship and history, rather than with gossip and publicity.

Craftsmanship and history, unfortunately, are rarely what they get from books about movies. Publishers have rushed to exploit the revival of interest in movies with a swift and concentrated production of sloppy and mindless books. Probably forty or fifty books about movies have been published in 1969, three or four times as many as ten years ago. Many are sincere books, particularly the dull, earnest, superficial studies turned out in great quantities by British film buffs and published in bunches like the Cinema One (formerly Cinema World) series, the Movie Edition series, and the International Film Guide Series. Such works could be more easily forgiven if their reference information were accurate, but the facts presented in most recent film studies are notoriously unreliable. The publishing industry's respect for motion pictures is nearly as low as that of the movie industry itself.

This review began as an omnibus survey of the season's motion picture books, but the writer had no heart for a roll call of error and inconsequence, and the wise reader would have no patience. There are exceptions, of course. Personal memoirs such as Lillian Gish's *The Movies, Mr. Griffith and Me* (Prentice-Hall, 388 pp. $7.95) and Ivor Montagu's *With Eisenstein in Hollywood* (International Publishers, 356 pp. Paper $1.95) have their own intrinsic interest and integrity. Teachers College Press has brought back into print Lewis Jacobs' useful study, *The Rise of the American Film*, published in 1939, together with his essay, "Experimental Cinema in America, 1921-1947" (631 pp. $8.50. Paper $3.95). Grove Press and Simon & Schuster are each publishing a valuable series of film scripts in paperback volumes.

If an omnibus review can accomplish anything, however, in the present state of film book publishing, it can direct the attention of readers to the good books about movies in the thicket of mediocrity. Here, then, for readers who wish to build their own library of significant books on movies or give worth-while movie books as gifts, is one man's list of a variety of movie books, currently in print, that repay the reader's investment of money, time and intelligence.

WHAT IS CINEMA? *By André Bazin. Translated by Hugh Gray. University of California Press. 183 pp. $5.75. Paper $2.25.* (1967.) If there is one essential book on movies, this is most likely the one. Bazin, who died in 1958, was co-editor of *Cahiers du Cinéma* and mentor of the French new wave directors, Truffaut, Godard, Resnais and Chabrol. His essays raise fundamental questions about the nature of cinema with a philosophical depth and intellectual clarity unmatched by any other work on motion pictures in English. Hugh Gray's translation is admirably lucid.

A GIRL LIKE I. *By Anita Loos. The Viking Press. 275 pp. $5.95.* (1966.) The autobiography of the author and script writer is perhaps the most remarkable Hollywood memoir ever written, for its candor, its wit and its intelligence. Miss Loos's autobiography is a great pleasure to read; it also provides more insights into the history of American movies than many scholarly studies on the same subjects.

THE AMERICAN CINEMA: Directors and Directions, 1929-1968. *By Andrew Sarris. E. P. Dutton & Co. 383 pp. $6.95. Paper $2.95.* (1968.) No writer has done more to create an informed and serious audience for the films of American directors than Sarris, critic for *The Village Voice. The American Cinema* is not without its inaccuracies, and no one should take Sarris' theoretical approach or directorial categories as any more than personal or provisional. Given such caveats, however, the book is important and indispensable for its information and frequent shrewd judgments.

FOUR GREAT COMEDIANS: Chaplin, Lloyd, Keaton, Langdon. *By Donald McCaffrey. A. S. Barnes & Co. 175 pp. Paper $2.25.* (1968.) McCaffrey's study of the silent movie comedians, in the International Film Guide series, is a successful example of what short paperback books on movies can accomplish. It provides a thorough, accurate and lucid account of silent film comedy. It has a coherent aesthetic point of view and is informative, as books by film buffs for film buffs almost never are, about the connections between movie history and the broader history of American society.

THE FIRST TWENTY YEARS: A Segment of Film History. *By Kemp R. Niver. 176 pp. $7.50.* (1968.) Niver was the film technician who restored the Library of Congress' collection of more than 3,000 pre-1912 American movies from paperprints to films. Financed by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, this effort, begun in 1952 and still continuing, has made available a remarkable collection of heretofore inaccessible films. Niver has become the most knowledgeable expert about them. *The First Twenty Years* is an illustrated guide to some of the highlights of the collection. It is available from the author, Box 46505, Hollywood, Calif., 90046.

D. W. GRIFFITH: American Film Master. *By Iris Barry. Museum of Modern Art. 88 pp. $6.95. Paper $2.95.* (1940, 1965.) Griffith still awaits his biographer, and recognition as a great

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American artist—not only by a few film specialists but by the larger public; not only for *The Birth of a Nation* and *Intolerance* but for many of his fine early short films and for his neglected work of the twenties. Miss Barry's brief early study, recently brought up to date, is still the best introduction to his work.

FILM: An Anthology. *Edited by Daniel Talbot. University of California Press. 404 pp. Paper $2.25.* (1966.) There are a number of anthologies of writings on movies; Talbot's, in my opinion, is the best. It contains a wide variety of writings on film aesthetics, theory and history, including indispensable essays by Erwin Panofsky and Béla Balázs, as well as Agee on comedy, Warshow on the Western, and Ben Hecht on Hollywood.

STYLES OF RADICAL WILL. *By Susan Sontag. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 274 pp. $5.95.* Miss Sontag's essays on Bergman's *Persona* and Godard in this collection demonstrate, better than any other recent writings on film that I know, the qualities of a film criticism informed by aesthetic intelligence and sensibility.

HITCHCOCK. *By François Truffaut. Simon & Schuster. 256 pp. $10. Paper $3.75.* (1967.) It is fascinating in several ways to read this interview between two very good film makers, with its suggestions of differences of nationality, generations and aesthetic sensibility. Many rate Truffaut higher than Hitchcock as a director, but Hitchcock's techniques and obsessions provide great insights into the art and psychology of the motion picture.

KEATON. *By Rudi Blesh. The Macmillan Co. 395 pp. $8.95.* (1966.) Most movie star biographies are free-lance hack work. Blesh's *Keaton* is not a flawless book but it sets commendable standards for movie biographies, for sympathy, intelligence and perspective. It is a very entertaining book that also marks a significant first step in restoring the reputation of a great comedian and director.

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

What I most appreciated among the stage offerings of the past fortnight was the Alwin Nikolais Dance Theatre which, unfortunately, gave only a few performances at the City Center. It is most remiss of me not to have made the acquaintance of this admirable group much earlier. The reason for my neglect may have been that the Nikolais company had for a long time confined its activities to a "remote" part of town (remote from Times Square, that is) at the Henry Street Settlement Playhouse.

The Alwin Nikolais Dance Theatre is one of the best things on our stage. It is more theatre than ballet, but categories be damned. It provides a wonderful spectacle, an experience easily enjoyed but not so readily assimilated. There is a certain mystery to it; while it appears to have no "meaning" beyond its visual delight, one cannot be sure at first view that it is not much more than that. It is an abstract of the pleasures we may still attain in living in the mechanical chaos around us. Nikolais gives the electric turbulence of our civilization—even in some of its destructive aspects—a clear structure very nearly euphoric.

He comes very close to Gordon Craig's conception of a stage director. He designs movement, sets, costumes, lighting, and to a large extent composes the electronic score. All that is lacking to fulfill the Craigian idea is speech (the performers do babble occasionally, producing sounds not unlike the shards of conversation which reach one in the currents of a crowd).

Industrial shapes and noises, with dreamlike visions of other spheres and nonhuman forms (protozoa of another planet), are patterned to create a world of marvels. This is a 20th-century fairyland relieved of horror. All is metaphor relating to what we have seen and know but cannot define. Is this, as one suspects, merely ornamental show? I doubt it. It may be compared simplistically to Pop and Op art, but while these are often funny or momentarily fascinating when not depressing, Nikolais' visions are exhilarating even when some sort of doom is suggested. This is the way the world ends, not with a bang but a whoop. There is sophistication in this and even more a redeeming naïveté.

The dancers compose the cheerful focus of the occasion. They blend into the whole, with their gleaming star, Carolyn Carlson, twitching and twinkling as the brightest point of the constellation.

John Bowen's *Little Boxes* (The New Theatre, 154 East 54 Street) is composed of two one-act plays—the first entitled "The Coffee Lace," the second "Trevor"—about people who wish to avoid the world around them, who, as they say, "never go out."

Both are wistful, though "Trevor" is written as farce with, at the end, a satiric edge. "The Coffee Lace" concerns a group of English prewar music hall "artistes" whose old-fashioned routines have become ridiculous to the postwar generation. When last employed they were engaged as objects of mockery. This so mortified them that, except for their business manager, they resolved never to set foot again in the fierce new world.

The play is a nicely written vignette with small pathos, humor, and a not altogether factitious tenderness. It is rather poorly directed and played. The director and consequently his cast do not seem to have understood that old-time actors such as those depicted are real people and do not necessarily comport themselves absurdly in life. The actor of little talent is artificial only on the stage.

The cast is much better in "Trevor," as is the direction by Perry Bruskin. It concerns a Lesbian couple whose parents come down from the country to visit them in their London flat. The parents of one of the girls wish her to marry; the second girl's mother wishes her daughter —married or not—to live a full sex life (with a man, of course) in the fashion of the day. To conceal the actual state of affairs the two girls pick up an out-of-work actor to play the role of lover to one of them, but as the second girl's parents unexpectedly appear at the same time, the young man is compelled to impersonate her fiancé as well. Comic complications ensue: all good fun, especially as Tony Tanner, as the so-called "Trevor," is a likable and adept actor.

The play becomes earnest toward the end, and the change is not altogether welcome because it is not in tune with the beginning. One of the girls decides to confess all. Her conventional middle-class parents refuse to understand, although their daughter is sufficiently explicit. The girls remain alone once again, baffled and disconsolate. When "Trevor" assures them that many people nowadays are without prejudice in regard to sexual deviation they take no notice of his comforting words. They too are boxed in. The girls, it would seem, are as retarded as their parents.

Jennifer Tilston as the more vulnerable of the two girls is especially sympathetic in a group performance which moves capably within the bounds of its special reality.

The Increased Difficulty of Concentration by the young Czech playwright, Vaclav Havel (at the Forum of the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center) is a somewhat elongated comedy skit. It is moderately amusing; on the whole well played and directed by Mel Shapiro, though not quite in the robustly extravagant manner with which such

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plays are done at the Theatre on the Balustrade in Prague.

What interested me most is that while I speak of the play in terms of mild approval it was an important work for the Czechs. (Here is yet another example of the audience as the theatre's focal source.) The speech that seems almost embarrassingly out of place with us, a speech in which the central character declares his conviction that the truth of life cannot be measured by computers or bureaucratic dictates but only by the motivations of the human heart, is what Havel meant his play to say. That is what gave it social force in his country.

The Increasing Difficulty, etc., like *The Memorandum* (produced two seasons ago at the Public Theatre) is a satire on the rigidity of party "scientism." It is true that Dr. Eduard Huml, the play's sociologist protagonist, is beset by troubles that fall upon men everywhere: wife, mistress and aberrant sexual drives. These supply the play's best jokes, especially since the various episodes are presented out of their normal time sequence. But in addition, the doctor, chosen as a specimen to answer crazy questions addressed to him for purposes of useless classification, by a constantly erratic machine, is badgered by the machine's inane operators and an ominous overseer whose every utterance is at once ludicrous and menacing.

Thus the play, a farce of no great subtlety, becomes something vital to the Czech citizen forever under the vigilant and evil eye of—who can say just what. For us, it offers sidelights on contemporary "history" agreeably mixed with bedroom imbroglio.

There are some who regard Noel Coward's *Private Lives* as a masterpiece on the level of Oscar Wilde's best comedy. It is very neatly constructed, thoroughly apt as a pleasantry, crisply written in an unmistakably personal style. But it provokes in me no great assent in laughter or recognition of experience.

The personal style is important because it represents not only an individual idiosyncrasy—a man—but that of a place and a period: London's stage, café, night club and smart set between 1921 and 1931. It was the time of self-congratulatory flippancy, giddy pleasure in believing in nothing but prickly sensation, and appreciation of one's own appreciation of the dash and swish of it all. Bad manners took on the sheen of the best. Accompanying all this was an undertone of smart music, titillatingly sentimental, champagne induced, as in a wild party where even the knell of doom becomes transposed to a beguiling tinkle. Above all, one senses in all this a total indifference to everyone and everything outside the magic social circle.

It meant that the blithe spirits of the time, enamored of the theatre as superb falsity, had kicked over Victorian restraints as well as ideological solemnity —the previous war above all had to be forgotten. If the revelers had money or proximity to it they could dance in artificial paradises without any thought beyond the luxurious privilege of sparkling in the brilliant atmosphere.

There is no doubt about Coward's special charm. And no one more than Gertrude Lawrence embodied the attractiveness of this lighthearted, romantically scented segment of society which eddied between bright malice and decorative benevolence. Gertrude Lawrence, the first Amanda of *Private Lives*, was the glowing angel of Coward's orbit.

The current revival (Billy Rose Theatre) is directed by Stephen Porter, who has a gift for flighty comedy (à la Feydeau). Apart from the counter effectiveness of its settings, it is certainly a good production, though it has little of that silken softness which in the Coward-Lawrence manner goes along with the crispness. I do not say this in disapproval. It is extremely difficult to recapture a still remembered mood which has passed and not yet acquired a patina.

Brian Bedford is expert in clarity, timing and intelligent delivery of lines, but there is none of Coward's joy-in-wickedness—as if even his flagellant wit implied a caress. And while Tammy Grimes, a pixie if ever there was one, like some oddly fascinating bug or butterfly, is here in top form technically, she is hardly the ideally chic *woman* of Coward's particular fancy. Such creatures have gone with the wind of Vivian Leigh.

Still I must warn the reader that I view *Private Lives* from the "outside." I willingly acknowledge its attractions but I do not care for them. Not even as a youth in the twenties did I share in the myth of the era's lovely frenzy.

ART BOOKS/Lawrence Alloway

ARTISTS

LEON BATTISTA ALBERTI: Universal Man of the Early Renaissance. *By Joan Gadol. University of Chicago Press. 64 black-and-white illustrations. 266 pp. $14.50.* Alberti well discussed as a representative universal man, not nostalgically but in terms of a complex and coordinated method.

MAX BECKMAN: Memories of a Friendship. *By Stefhan Lackner. University of Miami Press. Black-and-white illustrations. 126 pp. $7.95.* The author, a friend of the artist, writes touchingly about him. Expressionistic history of Nazism, exile and World War II.

EUGENE BOUDIN. *By G. Jean-Aubry and Robert Schmidt. New York Graphic Society. 50 color, 173 black-and-white illustrations. 246 pp. $32.50.* Detailed study of the plein-air painter usually treated as a forerunner of Impressionism (he encouraged Monet), but firmly delineated here as his own man. Well illustrated.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF CHARLES BULFINCH. *By Harold Kirker. Harvard University Press. 174 black-and-white illustrations. 398 pp. $11.95.* Interesting catalogue of the commissions of the "first native American architect"; Boston town houses, churches, statehouses, illustrated and described.

THE BEST OF CHARLES DANA GIBSON. *Edited by Woody Gelman. Crown Publishers. 206 black-and-white illustrations. 206 pp. $3.95.* The statuesque Gibson girls wear better than the dimming ironies they so often enact.

ROBERT HENRI AND HIS CIRCLE. *By William Innis Homer with the assistance of Violet Organ. Cornell University Press. 4 color, 66 black-and-white illustrations. 308 pp. $17.50.* Sober study of the active painter whose basically realist art reveals contacts as wide ranging as Gauguin's primitivism, color charts and Clive Bell. Detailed and convincing.

KANDINSKY: The Language of the Eye. *By Paul Overy. Frederick A. Praeger. 34 color, 35 black-and-white illustrations. 192 pp. $20.* Kandinsky's art discussed from the related points of view of perception, color symbolism and *Gestalt* psychology. A rewarding approach to an artist still curiously underdefined.

ALFRED KUBIN. *By Wieland Schmied. Translated by Jean Steinberg. Frederick A. Praeger. 188 illustrations in color and black and white. 445 pp. $65.* Largely neglected in French and Anglo-American art history, though somewhat overrated in German sources, Kubin's Art Nouveau diablerie is very well surveyed in this catalogue of his graphic work.

JACQUES LIPCHITZ: Sketches in

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Bronze. *By H. H. Arnason. Frederick A. Praeger. 161 black-and-white illustrations. 165 pp. $16.50.* Lipchitz's clay sketches (maquettes) now cast in bronze. From cubism (1914) to JFK memorial (1964) related to the finished works by the text.

PIETRO LONGHI. *By Terisio Pignatti. Translated by Pamela Waley. Phaidon. 24 color, 493 black-and-white illustrations. 419 pp. $35.* Definitive study of an 18th-century realist, with connections to popular culture. On inspection, a much more vivacious and subtle painter than was supposed. Good details in color.

RENE MAGRITTE. *By David Sylvester. Frederick A. Praeger. 33 color, 60 black-and-white illustrations. 128 pp. $12.50.* Expansion of recent Tate Gallery, London, exhibition catalogue. Readable essay proposes Magritte's election to a realm of Pascalian silences, which seems too much.

MICHELANGELO: The Complete Sculpture. *By Frederick Hartt. Harry N. Abrams. 18 color, 314 black-and-white illustrations. 310 pp. $20.* Good photographs of the sculpture, mostly new, without emotive chiaroscuro. Dr. Hartt's admirable directions for looking and his contextual historical information are close to the right illustrations.

BEN NICHOLSON. *By John Russell. Harry N. Abrams. 78 color, 220 black-and-white illustrations. 324 pp. $35.* Handsome picture book of Nicholson's placid art that points up his landscape and architectural references.

CLAES OLDENBURG: Drawings and Prints. *By Gene Baro. Chelsea House Publishers. 20 color, numerous black-and-white illustrations. 274 pp. $25.* Oldenburg's drawings are fluently inventive and ripe in touch, so this collection is immensely welcome, though the design of the book is inflated in an Old Master kind of way.

PROPOSALS FOR MONUMENTS AND BUILDINGS 1965-1969. *By Claes Oldenburg. Big Table, Chicago. 16 color, 40 black-and-white illustrations. 196 pp. $12.95.* Sketches for monuments with notes by the artist and a taped discussion with Paul Carroll, concerning the origins and intentions of the *capricci.*

CHARLES WILLSON PEALE. *By Charles Coleman Sellers. Charles Scribner's Sons. 11 color, 102 black-and-white illustrations. 510 pp. $20.* Scrupulous biography of Peale embedded in an affectionate reconstruction of late 18th- through early 19th-century American society.

PICASSO AND HIS WOMEN. *By Jean-Paul Crespelle. Translated by Robert Baldick. Coward-McCann. 222 pp. $7.95.* Concentrates on the artist's "seven important liaisons." Vulgar but less irrelevant to Picasso's art than most books of the type.

REMBRANDT, HIS LIFE, HIS WORK, HIS TIME. *By Bob Haak. Harry N. Abrams. 109 color, 503 black-and-white illustrations. 348 pp. $35.* Luxurious book. The big pages swarm with small comparative illustrations rather than with large-scale Malrauxesque images. Pictures and the clear text are exceptionally well coordinated.

REMBRANDT IN AMSTERDAM. *By R. H. Fuchs. New York Graphic Society. 121 black-and-white illustrations. 80 pp. $9.50.* Aspects of Rembrandt well revealed by making Amsterdam—as a Dutch city, as an international center—the focus of study.

JOHN SLOAN'S PRINTS. *A catalogue raisonné by Peter Morse. Yale University Press. Copious black-and-white illustrations. 406 pp. $50.* A strength of American realism is its lively journalistic side, well revealed in Sloan's vivid etchings and lithographs, which show New York as markets, as a village, as Saturday night street life.

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC. *By F. Novotny. Phaidon. 32 color, 131 black-and-white illustrations. 198 pp. $18.* Sober and perceptive text that locates Toulouse-Lautrec in the relevant art styles of the period.

UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRI de TOULOUSE-LAUTREC. *Edited by Lucien Goldschmidt and Herbert Schimmel. Phaidon. 320 pp. $10.* Amiable letters that fill in the routine of Toulouse-Lautrec's life but say nothing of interest concerning his art.

VERROCCHIO. *by Günter Passavant. Phaidon. 4 color, 316 black-and-white illustrations. 223 pp. $25.* Whether or not all the problems of attribution and dating are now settled, this is a well-illustrated and well-written account of Verrocchio's work in all media.

EMBRACE OF LIFE: The Sculpture of Gustav Vigeland. *By Nathan Cabot Hale. Harry N. Abrams. 32 color, 277 black-and-white illustrations. 363 pp. $25.* The prodigious sculptures of Vigeland, somewhere between Official Art and a Wagnerian dream (actually achieved at the sculpture park near Oslo) of total art. Infatuated text but interesting photographs.

GERMAN ROCOCO: The Zimmerman Brothers. *By Henry-Russell Hitchcock. Penguin. 58 black-and-white illustrations. 118 pp. $12.50.* Searching study of the architect-decorator brothers, written with Hitchcock's customary data-weighted and energized style.

Art History

THE AESTHETIC MOVEMENT: Prelude to Art Nouveau. *By Elizabeth Asin. Frederick A. Praeger. 39 color, 82 black-and-white illustrations. 192 pp. $15.* Survey of the crafts of the 1870s-80s. Original research and a keen eye present a synoptic view of a neglected style. First-rate book marred only by the dark, non-Aesthetic, color plates.

THE AVANT-GARDE IN PAINTING. *By Germain Bazin. Simon & Schuster. 52 color, 213 black-and-white illustrations. 323 pp. $29.95.* Art from Giotto to date. The mainline of Western art is presented not in terms of continuity but as a succession of "breakthroughs" and "anticipations." A preposterous exercise.

A HISTORY OF LATIN AMERICAN ART AND ARCHITECTURE. *By Leopoldo Castedo. Translated by Phyllis Freeman. Frederick A. Praeger. Numerous color and black-and-white illustrations. 320 pp. $8.95. Paper $4.95.* Immense distances and periods of time bridged without strain by illuminating arguments. Generalizations and a care for data are meshed in a succinct panorama.

ART POVERA. *By Germano Celant. Frederick A. Praeger. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 240 pp. $8.95. Paper $4.95.* Anthology of photographs and statements (no sources given, but mostly exhibition catalogues) dealing with the earthworks-conceptual art-situation cluster. Disorganized, but inexpensive.

THE 18TH CENTURY. *Edited by Alfred Cobban. McGraw-Hill. 173 color, 416 black-and-white illustrations. 360 pp. $24.95 until May 1970; thereafter $30.* Vast Diderotesque overview of sociology, government, war, technology and poverty, with good essays on art (L. D. Ettlinger) and architecture (Sir John Summerson).

THE ART OF ILLUMINATION. *By P. d'Ancona and E. Aeschlimann. Phaidon. 24 color, 121 black-and-white illustrations. 235 pp. $24.* Tasteful picture

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book giving instant illumination of a thousand years of the art.

VICTORIAN ADVERTISEMENTS. *By Leonard de Vries. J. B. Lippincott. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 136 pp. $8.95.* Funny *mélange* of magazine ads of 1870-90, particularly the man-machine and woman-machine imagery. The basic consumer appeals seem little different from the 1960s.

THE ARTS IN AMERICA: The 19th Century. *By Wendell D. Garrett and others. Charles Scribner's Sons. Numerous illustrations. 412 pp. $17.50 until December 31; thereafter $20.* Clear and unrestrictive account of 19th-century American arts and crafts with space for Howard Pyle as well as Mary Cassatt, for a mid-century Elizabethan revival style as well as Tiffany.

ALFONSO II AND THE ARTISTIC RENEWAL OF NAPLES, 1485-1495. *By George L. Hersey. Yale University Press. 175 black-and-white illustrations. 118 pp. $12.50.* The arts, architecture, defenses and history of Naples, centered on Alfonso II as a Renaissance man in full operation. Significant addition to the study of late 15th-century culture.

WORLD TAPESTRY. *By Madeleine Jarry. G. P. Putnam. Color and black-and-white illustrations. 358 pp. $25 until January 1; thereafter $30.* Routine profile of tapestry as an art up to the so-called revival of Lurçat.

IMPRESSIONIST DRAWINGS FROM MANET TO RENOIR. *By Jean Leymarie. Translated by Robert Allen. Skira. 11 color, 51 black-and-white illustrations. 104 pp. $7.95.* There are as many *Post*-Impressionist as Impressionist drawings, nicely reproduced, with pleasant appreciative notes by Leymarie (who should be writing better things).

VICTORIAN PAINTERS. *By Jeremy Maas. G. P. Putnam. Numerous color and black-and-white illustrations. 272 pp. $19.95 until January 1; thereafter $22.50.* Nineteenth-century art is now out from under the early 20th-century modernists and is visible as a rich, complex and fantastic field. Maas's survey is excellent with many unfamiliar and highly relevant works reproduced.

ART OF ANCIENT EGYPT. *By Kazimierz Michalowski. Harry N. Abrams. 145 color, 759 black-and-white illustrations. 600 pp. $40.* Coherent overview of Egyptian arts with good illustrations. The systematic presentation of data is admirably sustained; order and argument take precedent over approximation or evocation.

THE ART OF ANCIENT MESOPOTAMIA. *By Anton Moortgat. Phaidon. 300 black-and-white illustrations. 356 pp. $18.50.* Succinct but unhurried account of classical Mesopotamian art from 3000 B.C. to 550 B.C. Controlled and informative.

NORTON CRITICAL STUDIES IN ART HISTORY. *W. W. Norton.*
CHARTRES CATHEDRAL. *Edited by Robert Branner. 4 color, 121 black-and-white illustrations. 278 pp. $6.95.*
GIOTTO: The Arena Chapel Frescoes. *Edited by James H. Stubblebine. 129 black-and-white illustrations. 218 pp. $6.50.*
RUBENS: The Antwerp Altarpieces. *Edited by John R. Martin. 4 color, 37 black-and-white illustrations. 132 pp. $5.95.*
New series with illustrations, documents and essays by different writers that set key works in a solid context of monolingual (everything is translated) art history. Good in principle and in execution.

A HISTORY OF MEXICAN MURAL PAINTING. *By Antonio Rodriguez. Translated by Marina Corby. G. P. Putnam. 56 color, 256 black-and-white illustrations. 517 pp. $27.50 until January 1; thereafter $30.* Lavishly illustrated and copiously informative account of the only sustained 20th-century reconciliation of art and a revolutionary society.

DADA AND SURREALIST ART. *By William S. Rubin. Harry N. Abrams. 60 color, 791 black-and-white illustrations. 525 pp. $35.* This is the massive book of which last year's Surrealist show at the Museum of Modern Art was a by-product. A detailed and unified survey of both movements with their relations to 20th-century art as a whole indicated.

POP ART REDEFINED. *By John Russell and Suzi Gablik. Frederick A. Praeger. 17 color, 126 black-and-white illustrations. 240 pp. $8.95. Paper $4.95.* Catalogue of recent London exhibition. Fast-paced survey, with reprinted documents, of American and British Pop artists. Illustrations grouped iconographically (bathrooms, Cokes, comics).

MASTER PRINTS OF JAPAN. *By Harold P. Stern. Harry N. Abrams. 127 color, 36 black-and-white illustrations. 324 pp. $18.50.* Charming collection of 17th-19th century prints, with a commentary that converts the exotic into its topical and naturalistic original meanings.

ARTISTS AND ILLUSTRATORS OF THE OLD WEST, 1850-1900. *By Robert Taft. Charles Scribner's Sons. 90 black-and-white illustrations. 400 pp. $10.* Reprint of a classic study of art (painting, sculpture) and popular art (illustrations) of the Western scene. Indispensable work on a decisive period of image making.

THE ART OF EUROPE: The Dark Ages. *By Paolo Verzone. Translated by Pamela Waley. Crown Publishers. 53 color, 21 black-and-white illustrations. 276 pp. $6.95.* Concise introduction to a period (fifth to eighth centuries A.D.) among the least known of European history.

Criticism

SARTRE AND THE ARTIST. *By George Howard Bauer. University of Chicago Press. 32 black-and-white illustrations. 200 pp. $8.50.* Excellent examination, occasionally constricted by its thesis origins, of Sartre's strange views of artists, caught as they are in his views of art. His pieces on Tintoretto and Giacometti are masterpieces of some sort.

A YEAR FROM MONDAY. *By John Cage. Wesleyan University Press. 167 pp. $7.92.* Writings, 1963-67. Spatialized typography that is iconic to Cage's sense of multiplicity and connectivity. Within the word shower his thought is as cool and clear as ever.

KITSCH: The World of Bad Taste. *Edited by Gillo Dorfles. Universe Books. Numerous illustrations. 313 pp. $10.* Incoherent editing of articles by various contributors, some good, on a fascinating area, but the campy fun of the illustrations swamps the text.

PLASTICS AS AN ART FORM. *By Thelma R. Newman. Chilton Book Co. 4 color, and numerous black-and-white illustrations. 403 pp. $12.50.* Plastics are replacing welding for modern folk sculpture. Deplorable illustrations mostly, but the book is useful for technical working procedures.

MUSIC: Mirror of the Arts. *By Alan Rich. Frederick A. Praeger. Numerous color and black-and-white illustrations. 288 pp. $15.* Instead of discussing the influence of Wagner on the visual arts, the author prints the picture of a Ludwig II castle. Doubtful parallels are evoked and exact connections (music and architecture in the 16th century) go undiscussed.

AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE AND URBANISM. *By Vincent Scully. Frederick A. Praeger. 525 black-and-white il-*

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lustrations. 275 pp. $18.50. Architecture discussed not in terms of individual monuments, but as social relationships. Possibly started as a polemic against architectural formalism, but spurred by recent city violence toward a potentially global view of the man-made spaces.

SELF-REVEALMENT: A Memoir. *By Raphael Soyer. Random House. Color and black-and-white illustrations. 118 pp. $12.50.* These essays (1966-68) by a gentle Expressionist do not fulfill the title. They consist of brief reflections, in the first person, but entirely public, about art and artists.

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

The possibility that there might be no Metropolitan Opera season this winter, or perhaps even in 1970-71, has been around long enough to engender some speculation about what might be a rational basis for operatic production in New York should the present dispensation actually collapse. Although at the time of writing the prospects for settlement of the labor dispute seem favorable, a little "what-if" still seems in order, for the reason that the next turning point in the Metropolitan's history is just around the corner, as operatic planning goes.

The basic fact is that Rudolf Bing's present contract expires at the end of the 1971-72 season, and is unlikely to be renewed in the wake of this year's debacle; the labor contracts currently under negotiations will expire at the same time, and another financial crisis will doubtless be at hand. There is no reason to believe that the musicians will not once again attempt to improve wages and working conditions, and management will as surely answer by pointing to its already staggering deficit. One trusts that the lockout tactics threatened in 1961 and actually used this year will not be repeated; but, given the 18th-century view of labor relations that pervades at least part of the Met board of directors, it is not impossible. (This philosophy is expressed in such terms as "Why should they want a lot of money when they get to play all that glorious music?" Doubtless the men who play the double-bass parts of *Aida* year in and year out have their own answer to the question. The similar "logic" that maybe the same principle should be applied to the Sutherlands, Nilssons and Corellis, who are now paid as much for a few evenings of singing "that glorious music" as an orchestra player makes over a whole year, would probably not find favor.)

Discontent among the regular musical employees at the Met has been chronic for years, and management has not been sensitive to it. It has not, for example, considered the possibility that the chorus might find pleas of excessive deficits unconvincing in view of the expensive costumes they are given to wear, or the manifold other extravagances (see Alan Rich's excellent columns in *New York*, November 24 and December 1, for interesting points on this and related issues). And good will was hardly increased this year when the lockout strategy was bolstered by a crude (although unsuccessful) court action to prevent the employees from receiving unemployment insurance. In the circumstances, the union's intransigence was understandable, if deplorable.

The "Metropolitan way" of presenting opera has been one of the underlying causes for the Met's labor troubles, as it is also fundamental to the institution's wider malaise. There is little evidence that it represents a coherent policy, is anything more than the accumulated habits and *idées reçues* of decades of making do. That the seven-shows-a-week, thirty-one-weeks-a-year, cast-as-catch-can, star-and-scenery-oriented repertory-theatre approach does not get satisfactory results is obvious (certainly to professional musicians, few of whom—singers aside—are often to be seen in the Met's audiences). There are, in fact, other ways of planning a season, of scheduling performances, of selling tickets—in sum, of running an opera company, and a serious study of alternative possibilities is long overdue.

Since the company's public financial statements are phrased in only the most general terms, no outsider is in a position to guess what effect other ways of doing things might have on the fabled deficit, but the following questions are worth asking: Is it necessary to stage so many productions that the majority of them are under-rehearsed or routine? Is it not possible to arrange things so that casts remain substantially intact for the run of an opera? Can access be had to another, smaller theatre that could be used for works conspicuously ill-suited to the present house? (I am thinking, obviously, of the new opera theatre in the Juilliard School.) What about a series of simply staged or concert performances that would permit the exploration of new works and of long unheard ones, the most successful of which could then later be given full-scale presentation? (One of Rich's interesting discoveries was that at least some of the musicians long to escape from the rut of endlessly repeating the same few dozen operas.) Might not a *stagione* arrangement (one production at a time, rather than the present semi-repertory system) get better results? How about charging extra prices for "culinary operas" (the singer showpieces)?

To be sure, all such avenues ought to have been explored before the construction of the new opera house at Lincoln Center limited the range of possibilities. But a resourceful management might be able to recapture a degree of flexibility even now. When Bing came, his focus on the visual aspect of opera was a welcome counterbalance to years of neglect, but the sacred cow of "new productions" has run amok in recent years, producing such senseless monstrosities as the Barrault *Carmen* and the Colonnello *Trovatore*. What is needed now is the same fresh emphasis on opera as an art involving *both* theatre and music—not merely at the executive level (the most elegant staging of a Mozart opera is in vain if the sounds emanating from pit and stage are soggy and unkempt) but also at the planning level. Anyone acquainted with the history of opera can give you a list as long as your arm of works that haven't been done at the Met, works at least as valid as some of the turgid monstrosities that have been staged to pamper the vanity of favored sopranos.

What this suggests, to me anyway, is that—in addition to re-evaluating the entire operation—the powers that be in the opera company should conceive their next managerial appointment as having more than a passing relation to musical

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questions (by which I do not mean singing!). The choice should take place in consultation with professional musicians, and the revolutionary suggestion might even be ventured that the company's regular musical employees should have some representation on the committee that makes the nominations. Conceivably a team will be the best solution, but the musical decisions must be in the hands of a musician—someone who will have the respect of the professionals working regularly in the house and of others whose guest appearances would be desirable; someone who knows the operatic literature (as distinct from the present repertory) and is in touch with current events in the world of composition. Only such a person has much hope of breathing new life into what will otherwise become the white elephant of Lincoln Center.

Books By Nation Contributors

We list below books published in 1969 by writers who have appeared in The Nation *this year. This compilation, a regular year-end feature, may prove useful for gift-giving suggestions.*

SAUL D. ALINSKY. *Reveille for Radicals* (reprint). Random House. Paper $1.65.

JACK ANDERSON. *The Hurricane Lamp.* New American & Canadian Poetry. $1.50.

The Invention of New Jersey. University of Pittsburgh Press. $4.25. Paper $2.25.

ALBERT AXELBANK. *Soul of Gobi.* Kodansha (Japan). $3.75.

MARVIN BELL. *A Probable Volume of Dreams.* Atheneum. $3.95.

SIDNEY BERNARD. *This Way to the Apocalypse.* The Smith. $5.95.

PAUL BLACKBURN (translator). *Cronopios and Famas.* By Julio Cortázar. Pantheon Books. $4.95.

F. YORICK BLUMENFELD. *Seesaw: Cultural Life in Eastern Europe.* Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95.

ROBERT BLY. *The Morning Glory.* Kayak Books. $1.50.

Forty Poems of Juan Ramon Jimenez (translator). Sixties Books. $1.

T. B. BOTTOMORE. *Critics of Society* (new edition with additional chapter). Pantheon Books. $4.95. Paper $1.45.

GEORGE BOWERING. *Rocky Mountain Foot.* McClelland & Stewart (Toronto). $3.95.

The Gangs of Kosmos. House of Anansi (Toronto). $1.95.

ANDREW BOYD. *Holy War In Belfast.* Anvil Books (Ireland). 8/6.

LENNART BRUCE. *Moments of Doubt.* Cloud Marauder Press. $1.50.

KENNETH BURKE. *A Grammar of Motives* (reprint). University of California Press. $10. Paper $2.95.

A Rhetoric of Motives (reprint). University of California Press. $8.50. Paper $2.25.

JOHN M. CAMMETT. *Antonio Gramsci and the Origins of Italian Communism* (reprint). Stanford University Press. Paper $2.95.

ANGELA CARTER. *Several Perceptions.* Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

Heroes and Villains. William Heinemann (England). 30s.

The Magic Toyshop. Pan Books (England). Paper 4s.

STANLEY COOPERMAN. *The Day of the Parrot* (2d edition). University of Nebraska Press. $3.50. Paper $1.65.

The Owl Behind the Door. McClelland & Stewart (Toronto). $3.95.

EDWARD COWAN. *Oil and Water: The Torrey Canyon Disaster* (reprint). Wm. Kimber (England).

ED CRAY. *The Erotic Muse.* Oak Publications. $12.50.

Law Enforcement: The Matter of Redress. Institute of Modern Legal Thought. $5.

ROGER H. DAVIDSON. *The Role of the Congressman.* Pegasus. $6.95. Paper $2.25.

WARREN DEAN. *Industrialization of Sao Paulo.* University of Texas. $7.50.

MELVYN DUBOFSKY. *We Shall Be All: A History of the IWW.* Quadrangle Books. $12.50.

SIDNEY DU BROFF. *Woe to the Rebellious Children* (Dutch translation). Editions Walter Beckers (Belgium).

WILLIAM EASTLAKE. *The Bamboo Bed.* Simon & Schuster. $6.50.

GEORGE P. ELLIOTT. *From the Berkeley Hills.* Harper & Row. $4.95.

RICHARD M. ELMAN. *The Reckoning.* Charles Scribner. $5.95.

AMITAI ETZIONI (with Philip Ehrensaft). *Anatomies of America.* The Macmillan Co. $8.95.

The Semi-Professions and Their Organization (editor). The Macmillan Co. $10.95.

GERALD FEINBERG. *The Prometheus Project.* Doubleday. $4.95. Paper $1.45.

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI. *The Secret Meaning of Things.* New Directions. $3.95. Paper $1.

Tyrannus Nix? New Directions. Paper $1.25.

C. P. FITZGERALD. *The Chinese View of Their Place in the World* (3d reprint with postscript). Chatham House (England). Paper 6s.

MERVIN B. FREEDMAN (co-author with Joseph Axelrod). *Search for Relevance.* Jossey-Bass (San Francisco). $7.75.

MARYSA NAVARRO GERASSI. *Los Nacionalistas.* Jorge Alvarez (Buenos Aires).

HARRY GOLDEN. *The Right Time.* G. P. Putnam. $6.95.

Ess, Ess, Mein Kindt. G. P. Putnam. Paper 75c.

MICHAEL GOLDMAN. *At the Edge.* The Macmillan Co. $4.95.

JOSEPH C. GOULDEN. *Truth Is the First Casualty: The Gulf of Tonkin Affair—Illusion and Reality.* Rand McNally. $6.95.

J. DAVID GREENSTONE. *Labor in American Politics.* Knopf. $8.50.

ERNEST GRUENING (with Herbert Beaser). *Vietnam Folly.* The National Press. $8.75.

DONALD HALL. *The Alligator Bride: poems new and selected.* Harper & Row. $4.95.

JOHN HATCH. *The History of Britain in Africa.* Praeger Publishers. $8.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES. *Coat on a Stick.* Indiana University Press. $4.50.

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JOSEPHINE JOHNSON. *The Inland Island*. Simon & Schuster. $5.

JOHN JUDSON. *Surreal Songs* (2d edition). Juniper Books. $1.

Within Seasons. Colby College Press. $2.

HENRY S. KARIEL. *Open Systems: Arenas for Public Action*. F. E. Peacock. $3.95.

DAVE KELLY. *All Here Together*. Lillabulero Press. $1.

Summer Study. Runcible Spoon. $1.

STANLEY KIESEL. *The Pearl is a Hardened Sinner: Notes from Kindergarten* (2d printing). Charles Scribner. $3.95.

MAX KOZLOFF. *Renderings: Critical Essays on a Century of Modern Art*. Simon & Schuster. $7.50. Paper $2.95.

Jasper Johns. Harry N. Abrams. $25.

ALEXANDER LAING. *Jonathan Eagle*. Bantam Books. Paper 95c.

KENNETH LAMOTT. *The Moneymakers*. Little, Brown & Co. $6.75.

JAMES LIGHT. *The Modern Age*. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $6.95.

LEE LOCKWOOD. *Castro's Cuba, Cuba's Fidel* (reprint). Vintage. Paper $2.95.

Conversations with Eldridge Cleaver. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

JOHN LOGAN. *The Zig-Zag Walk*. E. P. Dutton. $5.95. Paper $2.45.

THEODORE J. LOWI. *The End of Liberalism*. W. W. Norton. $6.95.

MARION MAINWARING (translator). *Three Novellas*. By Ivan Turgenev. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $5.95.

MANUEL MALDONADO-DENIS. *Puerto Rico: una interpretación histórico-social*. Siglo XXI Editores (Mexico). $3.

Puerto Rico: Mito y Realidad. Ediciones 62 (Barcelona).

WESLEY MARX. *The Frail Ocean* (reprint). Ballantine-Sierra Club. Paper 95c.

EVE MERRIAM. *The Inner City Mother Goose*. Simon & Schuster. $4.95. Paper $1.95.

Montgomery, Alabama, Money, Mississippi and Other Places (reprint). Telstar Productions. Paper $1.

MORTON MINTZ. *The Pill: An Alarming Report*. Fawcett. Paper 75c.

FREDERIC MORTON. *Snow Gods*. World Publishing. $5.95. Paper $1.25.

A. Q. MOWBRAY. *Road to Ruin*. J. B. Lippincott. $5.95.

JULIUS NOVICK. *Beyond Broadway: The Quest for Permanent Theatres* (reprint). Hill & Wang. Paper $2.95.

JAMES O'CONNOR. *The Origins of Socialism in Cuba*. Cornell University Press. $10.

MARTIN OPPENHEIMER. *The Urban Guerrilla*. Quadrangle Books. $5.50.

GARY ORFIELD. *The Reconstruction of Southern Education. The Schools and the 1964 Civil Rights Act*. John Wiley & Sons. $9.95.

PHILIP DARRAUGH ORTEGO (with Carl L. Rosen). *Problems and Strategies in Teaching the Language Arts to Spanish-Speaking Mexican American Children*. U.S. Office of Education (ERIC/CRESS).

Issues in Language and Reading Instruction of Spanish-Speaking Children (with Carl L. Rosen). International Reading Association.

NANCY REEVES. *Stereotypes of Woman's Place*. Dept. of Printing and Publication, UCLA. Paper $2.

ADRIENNE RICH. *Leaflets*. W. W. Norton. Paper $1.95.

PAUL ROAZEN. *Brother Animal: The Story of Freud and Tausk*. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.95.

CAROLYN M. RODGERS. *Songs of a Blackbird*. Third World Press. Paper $1.25.

M. L. ROSENTHAL. *Beyond Power: New Poems*. Oxford University Press. $3.95.

The New Poetry: An Anthology of American and British Poetry Since World War II (reprint). Oxford University Press. Paper $2.50.

The William Carlos Williams Reader (reprint). New Directions. Paper $3.25.

THEODORE ROSZAK. *The Making of a Counter Culture*. Doubleday. $7.95. Paper $1.95.

ANTHONY RUDOLF (translator). *Selected Poems of Yves Bonnefoy*. Grossman Publishers. $3.50. Paper $1.50.

R. V. SAMPSON. *Equality and Power* (English edition of *The Psychology of Power*). Wm. Heineman. Paper 12/6.

EDWARD SCHNEIER. *Policy-Making in American Government*. Basic Books. Paper $4.95.

ARMAND SCHWERNER. *Seaweed*. Black Sparrow Press. $4.

JOHN ANTHONY SCOTT. *Trumpet of a Prophecy*. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.95.

Living Documents in American History (reprint). Washington Square Press. Paper $1.40.

CHARLES SHAPIRO (editor). *Contemporary British Novelists* (reprint). Southern Illinois University Press. Paper $2.25.

A Guide to Theodore Dreiser. Charles E. Merrill. Paper 75c.

MICHAEL SHEEHY. *Is Ireland Dying: Culture and the Church in Modern Ireland*. Taplinger. $5.95.

ROBERT G. SHERRILL. *Gothic Politics in the Deep South* (reprint). Ballantine. Paper 95c.

ROBERT SKLAR. *F. Scott Fitzgerald: The Last Laocoön* (reprint). Oxford University Press. Paper $2.25.

RALPH LEE SMITH. *At Your Own Risk: The Case Against Chiropractic*. Trident Press. $4.95. Paper 95c.

GEORGE STADE (co-editor with F. W. Dupee). *Selected Letters of E. E. Cummings*. Harcourt, Brace & World. $8.95.

RICHARD STERN. *Honey and Wax*. University of California Press. $3.95.

Stitch (reprint). Pan (England). 15s.

SHANE STEVENS. *Go Down Dead* (reprint). Pocket Books. 75c.

JOHN TAGLIABUE. *A Japanese Journal*. Kayak Press. $1.50.

MICHAEL TANZER. *The Political Economy of International Oil and the Underdeveloped Countries*. Beacon Press. $12.50.

HANS TOCH. *Violent Men*. Aldine. $7.50.

CHARLES A. VALENTINE. *Culture and Poverty* (reprint). University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

JON M. VAN DYKE. *North Vietnam's Strategy for Survival*. Pacific Books. $7.95.

RICHARD J. WALTON. *America and*

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the Cold War (young adult). Seabury Press. $4.95.

JAMES WEINSTEIN. *The Corporate Ideal in the Liberal State, 1900-1918* (reprint). Beacon Press. Paper $2.95.

The Decline of Socialism in America, 1912-1925 (reprint). Vintage. Paper $2.45.

KINGSLEY WIDMER. *On Refusing: Personal Preface to a Handbook on Selective Trouble-Making.* Pendejo Press (Vancouver, B.C.). Paper $1.

Culture and Freedom: Problems of Literary Censorship for the Seventies (co-editor with Eleanor Widmer). Wadsworth Publishing. Paper $2.95.

WILLIAM A. WITHERUP. *This Endless Malice: Translations of Enrique Lihn.* Lillabulero Press. $1.50.

Sangre de Cristo: Mountain Poems. Lillabulero Press. $1.

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Victor Bernstein and Jesse Gordon

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FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

At the afternoon performance of Costa-Gavras' *Z* that I attended, the audience burst into applause as the lights came up. That happens in movie houses only when the audience is deeply moved.

Z is an extremely adroit, indeed polished, thriller, but it is a picture that stays pretty much on the active surface of events, and that sort of thing does not usually move filmgoers to overt response. I suspect that the applause was politically triggered, and that to a considerable degree it was defensive.

Z is an adaptation from a novel that is based rather closely as to facts on a political assassination that occurred in Salonika a few years before the colonels' coup, and that was one of the events leading up to the capture of Greece by that tyrannical group. It was filmed in Algiers with a predominantly French cast (Irene Papas plays an affecting but entirely subordinate part as the bereaved widow of the murdered deputy). From the start, it is apparent that the police and judicial authorities are indifferent to the fate of the deputy (unnamed in the picture; Gregarios Lambrakis in real life) because he speaks for the liberal, anti-NATO opposition; but as the narrative develops it becomes evident that those exercising power are much worse than indifferent. An intrepid investigating judge—chosen for the case, presumably, because his background promises dutiful respect for the *status quo*—exposes the murder as a plot instigated at and directed from the highest level. He manages, helped by the courage of a few small people and despite the obstacles presented by a few very grand people, to indict the guilty; but he does not manage to bring them to justice—indeed, he does not live to bring them to justice.

All this is told in the vocabulary of sickening violence (government-hired goons, many of them psychopathic), lethal chases and spine-tingling confrontations of nerve. If the film had a serious social intent—and, given the subject, it would imply a disagreeable opportunism on the part of those who made it to assume that it did not—its style works against its content. *Z* is heavy with calculated entertainment devices—operating-room mumbo jumbo, a wrestling match in the body of a careening open truck, a car used as a weapon, a comic interlude in the midst of great peril, scintillating forensic dueling, battles royal. These, as well as the black-and-white characterizations (an exception is an amoral young reporter/cameraman, played by Jacques Perrin, who gradually and quite subtly forms his allegiance), and the appeal to emotion through automatic response to brutality and tears, keeps the proceedings safely within the context of amusement. Indeed, one could ask, as a matter of taste, whether the present sorrows of Greece should be used for such a showy entertainment. I note that the picture concludes with a recited *précis* of the elimination of justice and freedom that came in the wake of the Lambrakis affair, but that does not offset the Le Carré tone of the main action, particularly when it is climaxed with a bulletin-board listing of the more ludicrous suppressions imposed by the provincial and philistine clique now in control.

The film is also removed from any immediately pressing context because it is so redolently French. That could hardly be avoided with such conspicuous Frenchmen as Yves Montand and Jean-Louis Trintignant playing the deputy and his avenger, but it is not a question of singling out this and that performer and saying that his presence and behavior are not what one would expect of a Greek. Many individual Greeks may well look and act like many individuals in this cast, but taken as a whole this company is powerfully Gallic in its gestures, responses and ironic humor. So much is this so that I had continually to remind myself that it was not a melodrama drawn from the machinations of the French military in Algeria in the months before de Gaulle returned to power.

I am left still with the question of why the audience applauded, why *Z* will certainly be one of the most successful and most discussed releases of the winter. I think the applause may be a sort of exorcism, that the public may be comforted by the picture just because it is so manifestly a make-believe transformation of history. Line after line of the dialogue—the contempt for youth, the appeal to gut patriotism, the obsession with image, the hatred of nonconformity—come shudderingly close to home. The deliberate polarization of the community, the flattery of the rabble, the condoning of their outrages as the understandable reaction to minority views, the manipulation of the police in ideological contexts are all phenomena that few Americans can dismiss as exotic curiosities. And yet they are here presented as though they were strange and diverting. The audience does not applaud because Greek democracy was betrayed but because American democracy still permits the betrayal to be enacted. And the enactment eases the spectators' own forebodings, if it does, because it seems so evidently designed to amuse rather than instruct. Fiction can be relied upon not to come true. Well, usually it can, and no doubt it will so prove in this case. But exorcism by melodrama is not inevitably reliable, and I felt no impulse to clap my hands at this brilliantly executed thriller based on another people's catastrophe.

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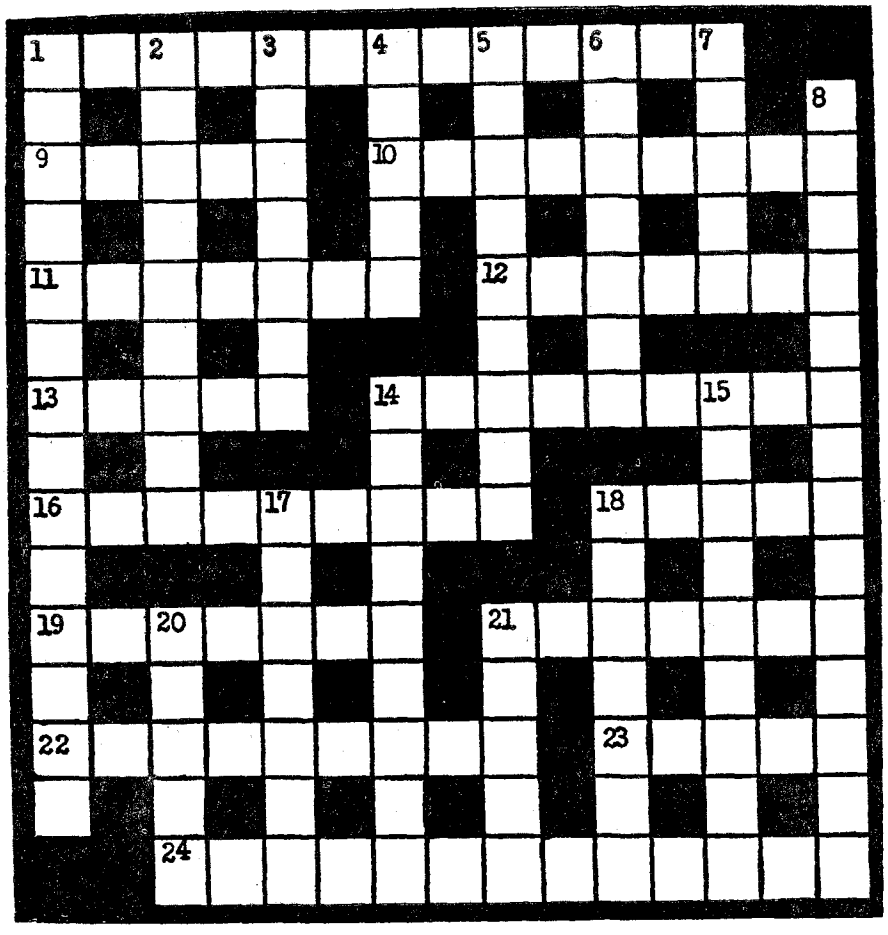
Crossword Puzzle No. 1326

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Some crumble an otherwise proportionate mixture. (13)
9 Barely descriptive of a not-quite-literary stranger. (5)
10 Behead a sort of of merry old king with 23. (9)
11 and 12 Declare one's intention to be the specific reason for something? (7,7)
13 Prolonged laughter as one hears what the ecdysiast does. (5)
14 Billy, according to the English. (9)
16 What's *in a mere exam in English*? Study some more! (9)
18 Just desert of triangular appearance. (5)
19 Refuse to make it, perhaps. (7)
21 A pleasant-odored terpene ketone. (7)
22 Bad cheaters should be equivalent. (9)
23 Possibly connected with a running-off at the mouth? (A letter might be better.) (5)
24 A little too excited? (Evidently carried setting up to extremes.) (13)

DOWN

1 Things in opposition about a badly-written poem for those who live with us. (14)
2 One who smooths things over might be only middling as a writer. (9)
3 "Eternal" might describe the circle more than the triangle. (7)
4 Never taken in the objective case. (5)
5 Take again, for example, a slangy review on a true-false base. (9)
6 Diagonal belt. (7)
7 Time to muse? (5)
8 Things permanently out of orbit may seem to, when the place isn't real. (5-5,4)
14 Both hinge, in a way, on the skeleton. (5,4)
15 Chicken out? These are bound to be broken then. (9)
17 How to instill life in a team which is badly shaken? (7)
18 It might be difficult to fix such a type. (7)
20 Rub one the wrong way without direction, like the founder of the Carthusian order. (5)
21 Rank actors, by the sound of it! (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1325

ACROSS: 1 Great-grandchild; 9 Sacred cow; 10 Evade; 11 Indian; 12 Inchworm; 14 Gradient; 16 Stair; 17 Chain; 18 Cremonas; 20 Nail file; 21 Bargee; 24 Cited; 25 Tradition; 26 Loch Ness Monster. DOWN: 1 Gossip; 2 El Cid; 3 The Garden of Eden; 4 Race; 5 Now and then; 6 Czechoslovakian; 7 Inamorata; 8 Dreamer; 13 Percolates; 15 Realistic; 17 Cynical; 19 Keener; 22 Grist; 23 Barm.

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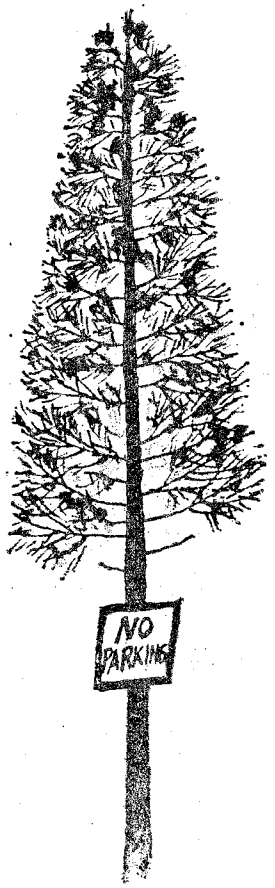

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